

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ENGRAVING: 'BURNETT HOUSE,' CINCINNATI: ED.'S TAB., p. 823.

ART. I. SKETCHES FROM THE COUNTRY. BY W. L. TIFFANY,	221
II. STANZAS: 'DAWNING,'	227
III. THE LOVERS' LEAP: A SENECA LEGEND,	238
IV. THE PRIDE OF OUR VILLAGE: A TALE,	234
V. 'NIGHT-PIECE' TO JULIA,	239
VI. A MOTHER'S LAMENT. BY THE 'PEASANT BARD,'	240
VII. THE PORTRAIT. BY L. A. RANDALL,	241
VIII. THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE,	253
IX. STANZAS: 'MUSIC,'	254
X. THE HISTORY OF CAPTAIN SAMPSON STRONGBOW,	255
XI. LINES: 'THE DYING GIRL,'	261
XII. PLEASANT MEMORIES OF THE OLD WORLD,	262
XIII. STANZAS: 'THE LITTLE GARDEN,'	268
XIV. THE HUDSON RIVER,	269
XV. STANZAS. BY H. W. ROCKWELL, ESQ.,	274
XVI. BURIED TREASURE. BY CHARLES M. DENNIE,	275
XVII. MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES. PAPER NINTH,	276
XVIII. LINES TO MYRA. BY LAWRENCE LABREE,	287
XIX. TIP-TOP BALLADS, IN THE MODERN STYLE. BY MEISTER KARL,	288

LITERARY NOTICES:

1. POEMS BY ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH,	289
2. CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE: A NOVEL. BY CHARLES READE,	295
3. A VISIT TO THE CAMP BEFORE SEVASTOPOL,	293
4. SMITH'S 'SPELLER AND DEFINER'S MANUAL,'	300
5. LAYS FROM THE GLEN: 'MUSINGS OF LEISURE HOURS,'	301
6. ARIEL, AND OTHER POEMS. BY W. W. FOSDICK,	303

EDITOR'S TABLE:

1. A DAY'S ANGLING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS,	304
2. A NECESSARY WORD TO NEW CORRESPONDENTS,	310
3. INTERMINGLED LEAVES OF GOSSIP AND TRAVEL,	311

1. A TRIP ON THE NEW-YORK AND ERIE RAIL-ROAD FROM NEW-YORK TO DUNKIRK.
2. NEW WORKS IN PRESS: 'BITS OF BLARNEY:' BY DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE: GRATAN, O'CONNELL, AND CURRAN.
3. THE FIRST MOSQUITO OF THE SEASON: 'LINES TO A 'SKEETER.'
4. THE 'LAKE SHORE RAIL-ROAD' FROM DUNKIRK: APPROACH TO CLEVELAND: LAKE ERIE.
5. ANECDOTE OF DR. H——, OF NORTHERN NEW-YORK.
6. FROM CLEVELAND TO SHELBY, OHIO, 'BY RAIL.'
7. THE 'E. CLAMIS VITAS' ORDER OF CINCINNATI: INTERVIEW WITH THE 'GREAT GYASTACUTAS.'
8. AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM S. T. COLERIDGE.
9. TEMPTATIONS OF 'GENUS': OVERTURES OF MISS TUTE TO MR. K. N. PEPPER, ESQ.: ALLIANCE DECLINED.
10. JOURNEY TOWARD THE OHIO RIVER, THROUGH EASTERN OHIO.
11. A PLEASURE EXCURSION TO MADISON, WISCONSIN.
12. SOMERSET, PERRY COUNTY, OHIO, AND ITS ENVIRONS: THE 'SCARLET WOMAN' AT LARGE: VISIT TO THE COAL AND IRON MINES OF EASTERN OHIO: A PIG-IRON FURNACE IN 'FULL BLAST.'
13. A 'SICCATIVE MARVELLEUX,' FOR THE AMERICAN MARKET.
14. APPROACH TO PORTSMOUTH, OHIO: FIRST VIEW OF THE OHIO RIVER.
15. RENOVATION OF THE REVOLUTIONARY CLASSICALITIES OF 'OLD TAPPAAN-TOWN.'
16. 'FIRST IMPRESSIONS' UPON THE SOIL OF 'OLD KENTUCKY.'
17. THE 'OLIVE LEAFLETS' PUBLICATIONS.
18. THE OHIO RIVER, FROM PORTSMOUTH TO CINCINNATI.
19. ARRIVAL OF THE 'SWINETTE A PISTON,' OR PIG-TAIL WHISTLE.
20. CINCINNATI AND ITS ENVIRONS: THE 'BURNETT HOUSE': WITH AN ENGRAVING.
21. THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION AND COLLEGE REVIEW.
22. FROM CINCINNATI TO LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
23. A WAIL FOR 'POOR LONE HANNAH.'
24. VISIT TO MR. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH'S WINE ESTABLISHMENT, ETC.
25. GOSSIP FROM WASHINGTON CITY: GENERAL CUSHING: CARPENTER, THE PORTRAIT-PAINTER, ETC.
26. A 'TURNED-ROUND' ABOLITION 'ARGUMENT.'
27. 'ORIGINAL PAPERS' FOR OCTOBER.
28. THE CITY OF LOUISVILLE.
29. THE COMET IS COMING!—LOOK-OUT!
30. THE HOTELS OF LOUISVILLE.
31. FIBS OF SPECULATORS IN BREAD-STUFFS.
32. NEW EDITION OF 'THE FEDERALIST.'
33. A NEGRO FAIR IN LOUISVILLE.
34. BARNUM'S 'GALLERY OF BEAUTY.'
35. 'HOME AGAIN!'
36. HEINE'S 'PICTURES OF TRAVEL.'
37. GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.
38. GENIN'S HAT-ISSUE.
39. DEFERRED ARTICLES.

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No. 3.

SKETCHES FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY W. L. TIFFANY.

GATHERING BIRD'S EGGS ON THE SEA-BEACH.

JUNE 4. — The coast line of New-Jersey consists of a continuous chain of long narrow islands, known as 'beaches,' which are separated from the main-land by wide creeks and sounds, running parallel with the sea, and connecting with the same by various inlets and channels.

The beach islands comprised within the limits of this county (Cape May) vary from two to ten miles in length, and from one to four miles in width. The most noteworthy among them are called respectively Peck's Beach, Seven-Mile Beach, and Five-Mile Beach. (The well-known watering-place, Cape May, is situated upon a small island, which, being almost entirely bare of trees or other vegetation, is chiefly known to our country people as Poverty Beach.)

Next the sea, the beaches are generally composed of a dreary range of white sand-hills, which are reared and destroyed by the waves with a steady alternation. Behind these hills, and sheltered from the salt spray, a strip of forest, comprised of oak, gum, red cedar, and holly trees, is usually met with, beneath the shade of which flourishes an almost impenetrable under-growth of alders, briers, bay-berry shrubs, prickly pear, grass and weeds. This strip of timber stretches landward from the hills, until repelled by the extreme saltiness of the soil adjacent to the sounds, when a growth of salt-grass, interspersed with elder-bushes, prevails. Such are the ordinary features of the beaches; but owing to the work of the winds and waters, of whose peculiar domain they are the planted boundary, their aspect greatly changes from year to year. The shifting sand-hills constantly engulf portions of the adjacent woods, leaving barely the brown and withered branches perceptible above the earth. The swift currents of the sounds and inlets steadily carve out fresh courses, thus either changing tracts of the marshes into sand-flats, permitting their fresh formation, or obliterating

them altogether, and the trees hasten to cover every congenial spot of upland as it is formed.

Along the strand, (where the beach joins the ocean,) an abundance of the simpler kinds of shells, and those great delicacies, 'soft clams' and sand-crabs may be found. In the sounds, 'hard-shell' clam-catchers, fishermen, and oyster-men steadily ply their different callings, and the banks of these water-courses are also the feeding-places of vast numbers of shore and aquatic birds. Large droves of cattle and sheep are bred on the beaches with great profit; for as we have already seen, they produce an abundance of grass, and moreover are dotted with numerous fresh-water ponds, which, beside furnishing drink to the cattle, abound with eels and snapping-turtles, and in autumn and winter are the haunts of myriads of geese and wild ducks.

The greater share of the forest-trees found on the beaches are shorter and more knotty than those produced on the main-land, while, as a singular exception, the holly here attains a far sturdier growth than in the interior, and is frequently seen growing within a bow-shot of the sea, measuring full forty feet in height. Notwithstanding this general deficiency in length and smoothness of grain, beach timber is held in great esteem by ship-builders and house-carpenters, on account of the preëminent qualities of toughness and endurance which it is imputed to possess.

Beyond a few wreckers and charcoal-burners, all the sea-beaches of this county, save Poverty Beach, are uninhabited by the human race; but their native untamed birds and animals, ospreys, herons, gulls, terns, foxes, raccoons, and rabbits are here resident in great numbers. Indeed, in some portions of these wastes, the ospreys are so numerous that their huge nests not only crown almost every tree, but even the decayed trunks, which are no more than eight or ten feet high, are appropriated by them. (Where the ospreys thus establish themselves in communities, the approach of no other species of hawks is for a moment permitted, and even the bald eagle is fain to keep his distance.)

In the thickest of the red cedar groves, well sheltered from the sharp sea-winds, the herons roost and breed. All the different species of this genus of birds are apparently extremely well disposed toward each other; for night-herons, snowy-herons, green-herons, and little-herons construct their nests so closely together that four or five hundred of them may be counted upon twenty or thirty cedars. The earth beneath these breeding-places is so thickly covered with excrement, old nests, broken eggs, egg-shells, and decaying fish, that one is driven to the reflection that the herons would do well to avail themselves of the services of a few turkey-buzzards.

On the bare sand-hills, the terns deposit their eggs, while in the marshes the black or dusky duck, willet, black-headed gull, and clapper-rail or mud-hen rear their young. At this season of the year, while all the above birds are laying and hatching, it is customary with the younger portion of our inhabitants to form parties and make frequent excursions to the beaches, for the purpose of gathering eggs, which, when simply boiled, are most delicious eating, but when skillfully con-

cocted into omelettes, seem altogether too exquisite for the refreshment of so spotted a creature as man.

As egg-hunting is viewed by our country people as a species of 'pic-nicking,' lovers and their mistresses, with a few buxom matrons to give tone to the affair, are the principal actors in these excursions; and while the gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves climb the trees and throw down the eggs, the ladies catch the same in their aprons and skirts, and pack them snugly away in baskets and buckets.

When the egg-hunter despoils an osprey's nest, the enraged proprietors thereof at once set up a wild shrieking, and dart to-and-fro over the spoiler's head with the utmost fury; nay sometimes stout battles ensue, in which the hunter is fain to make his retreat, fortunate if he gets off with no worse treatment than a scratched face and a round of dry blows administered by an osprey's wing, which measures quite two feet in length.

The meek herons submit to the rifling of their breeding-places with an amiability that would not fail to meet the approbation of the most exacting member of a Peace Society, and upon the approach of the egg-gatherers, with little or no dissenting clamor, they rise up in one vast, dangling-legged body, and at length alight upon the tops of the neighboring trees, to watch the progress of the ruinous work with complete unconcern.

Having procured all the ospreys' and herons' eggs desirable, the hunters proceed along the strand and inlets in search of terns' eggs, or traverse the marshes in pursuit of the nests of those already-mentioned birds who choose their breeding-places therein.

No little ingenuity and knowledge are requisite to the discovery of the black-duck's nest, as this fowl rears its young amid the most hidden recesses of the tussocks and sedge. The nest of the willet is composed of coarse grass and rushes, and its three or four eggs are found curiously arranged therein, with the large end uppermost. The mud-hen's nest consists of a mere bunch of dry weeds, sufficiently hollowed and built up to contain its ten or twelve eggs, over which the long salt-grass is artfully arched and knit. The eggs of the black-headed gull are found carelessly lying on bunches of sea-drift.

What with their varied coloring and harmonious forms, the eggs of these birds are quite as attractive to the eye as flowers. The egg of the osprey, which is almost as large as that of the domestic hen, is white, and beautifully mottled on the largest end with a rich brown. The heron's eggs are chiefly colored with the different shades of blue, and are exceedingly graceful in shape. The egg of the mud-hen measures one and a half inches in length, and its straw-colored shell is most tastefully decorated with spots of deep red. The willet's egg, save being smaller and somewhat bolder in figure, greatly resembles that of the osprey. The tern's egg measures one to three-fourth inches in length, and is tinted with a yellow brown, in which rufous blotches are mixed. The egg of the black-headed gull is quite as large as that of the barn-yard hen, and in color it is of a dun clay, mingled with small irregular touches of a pale purple or brown. The eggs of the black or dusky duck can scarcely be distinguished from those of the domestic

duck, and are seldom eaten by our country-people, but placed under a setting hen to be hatched. (These young wild ducks preserve all their characteristic shyness and vigilance in captivity, and having attained sufficient strength, they are almost certain to make good their escape to their native marshes and bays.)

An experienced band of egg-hunters not unfrequently collect a hundred dozen or more of eggs of a morning,* when, what with the effect of their exercise and the fresh sea air, they are fain to make preparations for dinner; and now, while some of the party build a fire beneath an inviting clump of trees, others gather oysters, crabs, and clams; the girls and matrons display their familiarity with the culinary art, and also produce bread, ham, and cake from their baskets and pockets, and ere long the whole company are busily engaged in discussing this hastily-improvised banquet with a zest which the city epicure, whose senses are daily jaded with turtle and champagne, would give millions to know.

Having dined, our friends will probably beguile a few hours with romps and sentimentalism; but before returning home, should the tide be at the proper stage to permit the curlews (which species of snipe are larger than barn-pigeons, and of most inviting flavor to the palate,) to feed upon the bars and sand-flats about the mouths of the inlets, the most sportsman-like of the lovers will not fail to betake themselves to a sail-boat, (by which means this excessively wary and vigilant game is most readily approached,) and fusilade the coveted birds according to the best of their skill.

To the stranger from the interior, the scenery afforded by the sea-beaches is of a most engaging and interesting character. The white dreary waste of sand-hills, contrasted with the black foliage of the cedar-woods; the boundless expanse of ocean; the ever-rolling, resounding, white-tipped breakers; the wreckers engaged in unloading and dismantling stranded vessels; the graves of shipwrecked mariners which dot the sand-hills; the numerous troops of porpoises rolling upon the bosom of the blue deep; the gulls screaming in the air; the ospreys diving like thunder-bolts into the wildest spray, and emerging therefrom with talons laden with fish, which they bear with loud piping to their nests on the trees near at hand; the successive flocks of ducks, plovers, and snipe, which whirl so swiftly across the eye-path; the seine fishermen and clam-gatherers at work in the sounds; the cunning red-fox scenting along the strand in quest of birds'-eggs; the broad, slimy leaves of gigantic sea-plants, which wave sluggishly back and forth in the still, transparent depths of the inlets, as if endowed with a repulsive life like that of serpents and sea-turtles; all these exciting novelties realize what his imagination has before conceived to belong only to dim, legendary regions lying far away. But however delighted the tourist may be with the beaches in spring, he will carefully avoid the same in summer, as the flies and mosquitoes with which they abound quite endanger human life.

Although, as we have said, the immediate ocean-shore is mostly un-

* If their nests are not destroyed, the birds proceed to laying again.

tenanted by mankind, yet the neighboring main-land is possessed by a race of men who, as a body, are so excellently and variously accomplished, that in this respect we believe them to be unmatched in this or any other country. Not in patent schools and universities do these sages gather their lore, but in the fields, woods, roads, and upon the waters. In the fields they learn the best of all methods of agriculture, namely, that which ordinarily enables them to gain a good living on poor lands. In the forest they are thoroughly familiarized to the use of the axe, lumbering, and wood-craft. In the sounds and surf they attain masterly insight into vessel-building, navigation, wrecking, and oystering, and along the roads the art of driving the shrewdest bargains is acquired. Armed thus at all points, a general failure of the crops or the bankruptcy of the country is viewed by this portion of our inhabitants with small concern; and when the mere professional or literary man would be sorely anxious as to how his bread was to be got, these versatile shoremen, shaping their efforts according to circumstances, turn from farming and trading to wrecking, wood-chopping, boat-building, oystering, musk-rat hunting, net-making, or chicken-vending with most enviable adroitness and effectiveness. But it is only during those fearful winter storms which cast so many vessels on our shores, that these men show the real nature of their blood, and with every shipwreck, whether by day or night, although the north-east wind may blow so strong and cold that the breakers run mountains high, and the flying spray covers each man with ice from head to foot, they launch their surf-boats into the war of elements, and in the face of steadily impending death, carry succor to the distressed, without desire of other reward than the blessings of the relieved and the peace of their own brave souls.

A WEDDING AMONG THE WOOD-CHOPPERS.

JUNE 6.—Last evening, in accordance with an announcement previously made, a wedding took place among the denizens of our woods. The festivities were conducted in an extremely free, off-hand manner, and whosoever chose to participate in the same, was welcome so to do, whether he had been especially invited or not.

The bride's father and likewise the groom, are known in the forest as axe-men and shingle-makers, of more than ordinary thrift, and the friends of the bride (who is a sun-burnt, moon-faced lady of twenty-five) assert that none are better fitted than she to fulfil the duties of a help-mate, inasmuch as 'she knows nothing but hard work, and is able at all times to earn her dollar a day, either at basket-making, gathering sumach-leaves for the store-keepers, or cutting hoop-poles in the maple swamps.'

The nuptials were celebrated in the one-story 'ten-by-six' log-built mansion of the bride's father, at which place the guests began to gather with the approach of sun-down; and ere long, merry, smirking groups of brown, bare-footed foresters, in their shirt-sleeves, and brown, bare-footed forest women, dressed in gay calicoes, thronged the house and blocked up the door-ways.

The groom, who was a well-looking young fellow of about two-and-

twenty, had arrayed himself in a pink and white calico shirt, and a new pair of shining black satinet pantaloons, the bottoms of which were well rolled up for the better display of his handsome pepper-and-salt stockings and calf-skin slippers. His thin, swarthy visage had been so closely shorn that it fairly glistened, while his well-greased, sandy hair was disposed on the top of his head in the figure of a short ram's horn. He was evidently becomingly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for he preserved a most serious expression of countenance, answered all questions with extreme brevity, and while one hand was fast clutched in that of his lady love, who sat by his side on the end of the bed which occupied one corner of the dwelling, with the other he held a small Methodist hymn-book upside down before his face, from whose pages he scarcely once averted his eyes.

Beside a pair of stout cow-hide bootees, a naked pair of huge, red arms, and a string of scarlet sealing-wax beads about her neck, the bride wore nothing which showed that she had attempted the use of any unusual display, and with a subdued air of intense delight she steadily contemplated the yellow sprigs which relieved the blue ground of her 'Merrimac calico' frock.

While the twilight was yet at its height, the jokes and fun of the merrier portion of the company were stilled; for the 'Squire (who is an elderly 'fore-handed' farmer, and who, in the absence of a clergyman, holds authority to perform marriage ceremonies) made his appearance, dressed in a suit of magisterial black, and bearing several portentous-looking law octavos and the Bible, partly wrapped up in his bandana handkerchief.

Of all the dignitaries known on earth, none are so feared and venerated by our country people as the 'Squire. For this reason a complete and attentive silence now prevailed throughout the company, and after the 'Squire had steadily looked about him for a few moments, he gravely laid his books upon the dresser, spat out his tobacco, wiped his spectacles and placed them upon his nose, all of which doings signified that the ceremonies were about to begin.

The preliminary rite consisted of a prayer, which the 'Squire, drawn up to his fullest height, fervently read from a tract secreted in the corner of his hat, (although he pretended to keep his eyes shut all the while,) and during the recital of which those who possessed aprons and hats reverently buried their faces therein, and those who were without, leaned their foreheads against each other's shoulders. Having finished his prayer, the 'Squire invited the betrothed couple to rise, and in an impressive speech, in which law phrases and apt quotations from the Bible sonorously abounded, he discussed the nature and duties of the matrimonial compact for a full half-hour or more.

At the close of the homily, the bride hung her head and pinched her arms, the groom became perceptibly nervous, and the guests crowded toward the 'Squire (whose coolness and happy demeanor was most enchanting) with intense eagerness depicted on their countenances, for the climax was obviously at hand.

In a few moments, all was brought to the happiest termination; for the 'Squire read a few sentences from one of his law-books without the

smallest accident or interruption, and the lovers were now man and wife, much to the satisfaction of the bride, who received the congratulations of her friends with the broadest of grins, while the groom again strangely sat himself on the bed, and gazed about him with the same abstracted air, as if he had lost his jack-knife, and was trying to bring the time to mind when he had last seen it.

Another short prayer concluded the 'Squire's duties, when the bride's thin, wiry, shrill-tongued mother appeared on the scene, who directed the men to construct a table of planks and barrels, beneath a clump of oaks in front of the dwelling, and led a train of girls and matrons to a little smoking out-house near at hand, whence numerous plates of boiled pork, potatoes, fried eels, loaves of ginger-bread, pots of coffee, jugs of molasses and whiskey were taken and arranged upon the festive board.

In the mean time, the boys had built several fires of pine-knots within a comfortable distance of the table, and at length the guests sat themselves thereto with marks of high satisfaction.

When the 'Squire had rapidly but largely partaken of fried eels and whiskey-and-water, he borrowed a plug of tobacco of the bride's father, and after reminding the company that he had 'got a good ways to go,' and engaging the groom (whose pensiveness by-the-bye still continued) to do a couple of days' 'hoeing,' (which service every body understood the 'Squire intended to accept as a compensation for performing the banns,) he departed for the place whence he came.

Relieved of the awe-inspiring presence of the 'Squire, the guests at once delivered themselves up to the freest revel and jollity. Discordant tunes, the accompanying words to which the maudlin singers suddenly forgot, were bawled out over the whiskey, and peals of the loudest laughter at nothing rung forth over the pork and eels. With the disappearance of the victuals, the squeaking of a fiddle announced itself, at which signal the revellers set to sprawling through various rude, high-legged reels and 'hoe-downs,' and so continued to disport themselves until the newly-married couple had retired for the night to a loft that was hastily arranged in the upper portion of the house, when each man procured his gun from a secret place in the woods, and an incessant *feu de joie* was kept up until after midnight.

L I N E S : ' D A W N I N G . '

'Less than a Lover, more than Friend!'
Ah! let us never part,
But bid these blissful torments end,
And take me to thy heart!

Sweet heart! — the hope thy speech denies
Thy beaming eyes confess,
In which I see the dawning rise
Of days of happiness!

July 5, 1855.

Though faint as is the early ray,
When Day with Night contends,
The light still conquers, and in day
The conflict ever ends.

I'll read my future in thine eyes,
That promise me my bliss;
Nor trust thy blushing lips' sweet lies,
But stay them with a kiss!

W. H.

THE LOVERS' LEAP: A SENECA LEGEND.

BY O-S-C-O-A-N.

ONCE through these vales the Indian roved,
 A hunter fleet and free;
 Proudly his well-tried bow he bore,
 And proud his eagle feathers wore —
 No slave to care was he;
 But undisputed ruler moved
 O'er hill and dale and sea.
 Here forest swains and maidens loved,
 And constant hearts were tried and proved,
 As constant hearts must be.

Unchanging hearts which idols make,
 Of hearts as true, though frail as they,
 Are ever doomed to bleed or break,
 And learn their gods are but of clay:
 But though thrice shattered to the dust,
 And all deformed the image lies,
 The true heart, in its boundless trust,
 Will deem it kindred to the skies.
 For love, though tarnished by the fall,
 Survives to every age the same,
 And wigwam, cot, and lordly hall
 Lights with its sanctifying flame;
 And, like its great ORIGINAL,
 Is prompt to shield and slow to blame.

Ah! Indian maid, thy heart was tried,
 Long, long ago, as legends tell,
 When in its fresh and virgin pride,
 By the lone death-doomed captive's side,
 Thy tribe's born foeman, dire and fell,
 Love oped its gushing founts all wide,
 And sealed thee as his martyr-bride,
 Too rashly loving, and too well.

Let us recall this legend hoar,
 Of Canandaigua's sylvan shore,
 Which floats adown tradition's stream
 Not as a vague and shadowy dream;
 But as a high, heroic theme,
 A stern reality of yore,
 Which, hallowed once, can die no more
 Than the fixed star's eternal beam.

Record may fade and pile decay,
 And tower and rampart waste to dust,
 And nations rise and pass away,
 And Time blot out their names with rust;

While deed and sacrifice sublime
Live freshly in the memory then,
Defying all the assaults of Time,
While live and beat the hearts of men.

On the dread war-path, worn and red,
The fierce and hostile tribes have met,
Stern is the strife and thick the dead,
And tomahawk and knife are wet,
Dripping with hated foeman's gore ;
Strong warriors grapple in the fight,
And louder swells the battle's roar,
Till fall the curtains of the night.

Now rings the wild whoop, loud and shrill,
In triumph, as the vanquished flee,
A broken band, in all save will,
And hate, which burns unquenchable,
And never shall extinguished be.
They break, they fly, no arm can save,
Or turn the fortunes of the day,
And he, the young Algonquin brave,
Is captive of the Seneca.

Of all his tribe, he earliest wore,
And proudest wore, the war-bird's plume ;
His eagle glance out-flashed the sun ;
His war-cry rung presage of doom ;
His foot out-spied the prey-bird's wing,
When joined the hunters in the chase ;
His bound was like the panther's spring,
Where lurked the foemen of his race.
Tall, beautiful, and lithe of form,
Where'er his streaming war-plume led,
More fiercely raged the battle-storm,
More thick and ghastly lay the dead.
Though few his years, his deeds of fame
At war-dance and at feast were sung,
And cowering fear came with his name,
When whispered by a hostile tongue.

Now all secure and doubly bound,
And guarded by a watchful foe,
High on GE-WUN-DE-WAUGH'S dread ground,
Round which of old the serpent wound,
Lies the proud brave, disarmed and low.
Around, base cowards jeer and rail,
And sting with taunt like fiery dart ;
His warrior spirit must not quail,
Nor give one sign of shrinking heart.
But fettered thus with many a thong,
While conscious of his doom he lies,
Calmly he cons his last proud song,
His death-hymn of defiance strong ;
His boast of wrong, thrice paid with wrong,
To show, when flames should round him rise,
And gloat his savage captors' eyes,
How bravely the Algonquin dies.

The council has been called, and met,
And promptly with one voice decreed,
That ere the morrow's sun shall set,
The captive shall a victim bleed;
And that meantime their Sachem's daughter,
Custom according, shall be sent
With ample gourds of cooling water,
And choice and savory nourishment,
To cheer the prisoner doomed to slaughter:
All timidly alone she went.

Oh! she was graceful as the fawn,
The young, the peerless WUN-NUT-HAY,
And lovelier than the dappled dawn
On the blue skies of flowering May.
Of Indian maids she was the flower,
The sweetest of the wild-wood bower:
Through all the tribes her praise was sung,
Hers was the star which ruled the hour;
And braves of fame and chiefs of power
On her enchanting beauty hung.

She saw the prostrate warrior there:
High and unconquered was his mien;
More manly was his form, and fair,
More regal was his dauntless air,
Than aught her maiden eye had seen.
And must he die, so young, so brave,
And seek alone the spirit-land,
Through the dark portals of the grave,
Where wait his slain, but faithful band?
Is there no arm to shield and save?

Swelling pity forced a sigh,
Melting pity thawed a tear;
Love as ever lurking nigh,
Armed and prompt in archery,
With his torch to light and cheer,
Marked the tear steal from her eye,
Shot an arrow and slew fear,
Then fired her soul with purpose high.
And she resolved, come weal, come woe,
To share the hapless captive's fate,
With him, unbound and free, to go
And roam where his bright waters flow,
Or with him pass the dark death-gate.

Love hath more devices far,
When instant need to rescue calls,
Than all the strategy of war,
Investing long-beleagured walls;
And courage more sublime and true,
Than the scarred warrior ever knew.
One thought, and to the lake she fled,
Like arrow from the strong-bow sped:
Her light canoe and trusty oar,
Which idly rocked along the shore,
She drew with quick and noiseless tread,
To a secluded spot grown o'er

To screen it from all passing eyes ;
Then back to the 'death-cabin' hies.

There soundly at the entrance sleeps
The weary, night-worn sentinel ;
But in his vivid dream still keeps
His waking vigil, keen and well.
The coming vengeance to his foe
Is in his fierce but wandering thought,
And a grim smile and fiendish glow
His sleeping countenance hath caught.
With stealthy step and agile limb
The unconscious sentinel is passed,
And now she stands alone by him,
On whom her soul's great stake is cast.

Fear not, young brave, the soft, fair hand
Which nimbly wields the knife,
And severs every thong and band,
Menaces not thy life :
An angel comes to set thee free,
From torture and captivity,
And give her heart and life to thee.
Nor needed he or word or sign,
Her high, bold purpose to divine ;
And deeply in his soul he prayed,
That the GREAT SPIRIT would them aid ;
For now his life was doubly dear,
And fain would he prolong it here,
Her deep devotion to repay,
With love by night, and chase by day,
Till life should peaceful pass away.

One instant, and his limbs are freed,
He rises painfully and slow,
Oh ! for the bounding pulse and speed
With which he rushed to meet the foe :
It comes not, nor the battle-glow,
Now in his hour of direst need,
As breathless he essays to go.

Safely the guarded door is passed,
The outer picket gained at last :
The freshness of the morning breeze
New life diffuses through his frame,
And glow his slackened energies,
With something of their former flame.
And now the uncovered way they take,
With the swift speed of startled deer,
Whose bounding hoofs are winged with fear,
To gain the skiff upon the lake.

Gained is the lake and light canoe,
But as they quickly push from shore,
With whoop and yell and wild halloo,
Louder than battle's stormiest roar,
A hundred dusky forms are seen,
Rushing along on either hand,
Now plunging through the tangled green,

Now madly leaping on the strand.
Fleet barks dart quick upon the wave,
Strong sinewy hands grasp every oar,
Fell vengeance nerves each maddened brave,
The troubled lake with foam is hoar,
The eager blood-hounds snuff the gore.

Now, lovers, every sinew strain,
Let no false stroke your speed delay;
Your fierce pursuers on you gain:
Row for your lives! away! away!

With answering whoop and startling yell,
The Algonquin hurled defiance back,
The vengeful Seneca to tell,
Though close and furious on his track,
He feared not, but still hated well,
And would avenge his kindred slain,
When he the war-path trod again.

The western beach is gained at last,
But scarcely have they sprung to land,
And vanished in the forest vast,
Ere the pursuers gain the strand,
And leap like wolves, a howling band,
Up the steep bank, and follow fast.
The maiden speeds her lover past,
And fleetly leads upon the trail,
But sees with heavy heart, at last,
His pace and strength begin to fail:
His stiffened limbs well-nigh give o'er,
His unhealed wounds are red with gore,
And higher, nearer swells the roar.
She turns, a rocky steep is near,
Which lifts its flinty summit high —
A land-mark, desolate and drear,
Piercing the blue encircling sky —
And leads her panting lover there,
Not to surrender, but to die.

Far, far below, a depth profound,
A brook is sweeping through the glen,
And sends a deep and murmuring sound,
From haunts unvisited by men —
Meet place, beneath the cloudless skies,
For love's last solemn sacrifice.
Far down, from crag to crag swift leaping,
With eagle plume and eye of fire,
Heading his band and upward sweeping,
WUN-NUT-HAY sees her wrathful sire;
Above one lightning glance he threw,
Then notched an arrow to the string,
And firm his trusty bow he drew;
But ere he gave the death-shaft wing,
He bade his eager warriors go
And seize alive the escaping foe.
The maiden sprang before her lover,
His form with her slight form to cover,
That when the whizzing shaft should fly,
She, she alone, or both, might die.

Still held the sire his bow on high,
Nor shook his hand, nor quailed his eye;
And well the desperate lovers knew
His arm was strong, his aim was true.

All bootless now the daughter's prayer,
The parent heart is dark and stern,
No throb of mercy softens there,
But fiercest fires of vengeance burn.
In vain she warns her maddened sire
That, sooner than yield up her brave
A helpless victim to his ire,
They both would seek a fearful grave,
And slumber in the embrace of death,
Far down the yawning gorge beneath.
He heard, but deigned her no reply,
And bade his warriors quicker fly.

They come! and from that beetling hill,
In close embrace the lovers leap;
Two forms are flying down the steep —
A sullen sound, and all is still.

Death is a grim and ghastly priest,
And fearful is his nuptial rite;
But oh! beware his marriage-feast,
'T is for the vulture and the kite.

The warriors stand like wolves at bay,
When baulked all sudden of their prey,
But as that sound greets the quick ear
From the deep glen, they blench and start,
And a strange awe and chilling fear
Creeps through the Seneca's bold heart.
The chieftain with his bow still high,
Lets no avenging arrow fly,
But at his feet it idly falls;
One hurried glance he gives below,
Then calmly readjusts his bow,
On, on his awe-struck warriors calls.

Little dreamed he, relentless chief,
That thus his soft and timid dove,
By the transforming might of love,
Would the bold, tameless eagle prove,
And shame her sire to shield his foe,
And, to avert the avenging blow,
Plunge fearless to the gulf below.
Inly he mourned, but hid his grief.

Far down that glen, by the sounding brook,
Where the flickering sun-beams faintly look,
Two hollow graves were hastily made
By savage hands, without pick or spade;
And there they laid them, side by side,
In their fearful wedlock, bridegroom and bride.
And still those hollow graves are seen,
Dressed in fresh moss, all velvet and green;

And the brook moans on in the shaded glen,
 Telling the legend to pale-faced men,
 Chanting for ever that mournful air
 To the faithful lovers still sleeping there.
 And ever yet, in leafy June,
 When full on the lake shines the round bright moon,
 And the winds are hushed, and the wave is still,
 And the echoes sleep on the sacred hill,
 Two forms steal out from the covert shore,
 With shadowy bark and spectral oar,
 And, with never a wake or a ripple, glide
 Slow and serene o'er the silver tide;
 But the whoop, and the yell, and the wild uproar
 Of fierce pursuers, are heard no more.

THE PRIDE OF OUR VILLAGE.

'You see that grave? The Lord, He gives,
 The Lord, He takes away:
 O Sir! the child of my old age
 Lies there as cold as clay!'

DID you ever pass through our little village of Thorntonville? It lies deep among green hills, slumbering there so peacefully that the traveller, as the stage slowly tops the last eminence, and then goes groaning and staggering heavily down the steep declivity, thrusts forth his head in pleased astonishment, and dreams of Rasselas and the Happy Valley. But when the four jaded horses spring forward once more upon the level road, and prance through the dusty village street, and the great creaking stage, swinging and pitching on its leathern springs, rolls thundering on, and the brattling horn rings out its blast, lo! what a buzzing throng of curious idlers swarms into the porch of the great white tavern! And how wondrously important is the post-master's air, as he snatches up his letter-bag and runs across the street! And while Jehu swaggers in the bar-room and distributes his manifold parcels, should you watch, you would soon see village merchants bustling out from the office with great business-like letter-packages, and youths and maidens scattering slowly from the door, tearing open precious envelopes, or else soothing their disappointment with the promise of another mail. And when the fresh horses are brought out, and the driver braces himself anew in his uneasy throne, and cracks his long lash, and off you roll again to the music of clanking traces and hollow-rattling wheels, should you look back, the street lies as still and deserted behind you, the little shops as dull, the loungers as lazy, the little village sleeping as soundly in the arms of the hilly sisterhood, as it did before the avalanche of passengers thundered down upon its slumbers.

From the old wooden bridge a straggling row of houses drags along, ingeniously climbing up and down as many steep little knolls as possible. The narrow dusty track of road scarce holds its own against the green patches that threaten its borders on either side; and great elms stand like staunch sentries before the better houses, and sometimes a little white office, with green shutters, just peers out through the twinkling green-and-white foliage of low shrubbery, bashfully swinging its tin sign, and peeping from its leafy veil to beg for custom. But the two or three groceries, and the printing-office, and the ambitious hotel strut out boldly, glaring white in the mid-day sun; and the dry-goods store, scorning the verdant shade of nature, shelters itself under its blackened awning, and flaunts out its great gilt sign, and blazons on its new-painted weather-boards a blue and gold, red, yellow, and green catalogue of every possible article that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive, or of woman to desire.

On the barest and boldest eminence of all stands the village church, not the only one; for another, less fortunate, stands on the sultry flat where the three roads meet; and yet another just shows its four white pinnacles above the waving tops of a cluster of young trees that crowd together at the opening of the glen, where the brook comes tumbling and sparkling down from the hills.

The 'new street' goes straying along the winding rapid river, and you may know by the nests of sprawling, creeping, unwashed children that you stumble over in your way, that here dwell the poorer, laboring class of Thorntonville.

The society of Thorntonville, as declared by the village paper, and quoted in his card by our host of the 'National,' has long been distinguished for its refinement, its hospitality, intelligence, and morality; and the advertisement of the Thorntonville Young Ladies' and Gentlemen's Select Academy and Collegiate Institute, after enumerating the remarkable advantages of paternal care and religious supervision, healthful atmosphere, and delightful scenery, with which the advertising columns of religious papers teem, dwells with peculiar unction upon the opportunities of intellectual and social improvement afforded by the polite and elegant society of the place.

Though it may be most excellent of its kind, our society, to say the truth, is rather limited, and our aristocracy, though unquestionably select, is, I must confess, somewhat uncomfortably exclusive. We include in the circle of our best society the family of good Mr. Merriman, of the 'National.' The old gentleman himself is rather too uncultivated to shine in so high a sphere. The dry-goods dealer is our Brummel; he goes to New-York every year, and is a perfect oracle in fashions; last spring he brought back a moustache from the city, whereupon the whole lay male population of Thorntonville became afflicted with diseases of the respiratory organs, to a degree beyond all precedent in those parts. His wife is the very mirror of elegance, by which all the ladies of the village dress and form themselves. The lawyer and the village doctor are the great intellectual lights of our firmament. Mr. Capias excels in poetry, and is a very Junius in the weekly leaders; the doctor is rather jealous of his literary fame, and whilom would tilt

roughly with him in the lists of argument ; but after a few lances were broken, to his infinite discomfiture, he was fain to leave the field to his rival, and now confines himself to the realm of natural sciences, wherein he knows no peer. It does not in the least detract from the awe in which he is held by the younger portion of our community, that he is suspected of a leaning to skepticism, and once was heard to speak disparagingly of the Shorter Catechism. The post-master is a most important member of our confederacy ; and the minister of our own — the orthodox — church, is always invited to our sober tea-drinkings. The editor is hardly *comme il faut*, but we none of us like to neglect him, printers are so disagreeable when they are offended, so he always receives a formal invitation when some great affair comes off ; and if he comes, no one hinders him from enjoying himself if he can ; and, in return for our condescension, the whole world for ten miles round is edified on the succeeding Wednesday with a minute account of Mrs. S — h's brilliant *soirée* on Thursday evening last ; faithfully recording how Miss B — n was bewitching, and Miss J — s enchanting ; how Mrs. Th — s — n looked *distinguée*, and the aristocratic Mrs. J — k — ns was *superbe* ; and how, after all, the lovely Miss P — tt was the belle of the evening, the cynosure of neighboring eyes, the leader of the starry host, and was dressed in simple white muslin, with three roses and a japonica bewitchingly implanted in her hair. The rich shoe-and-leather dealer's family rank very high with us, and since the old Nantucket captain has set up his splendid span of grays, and talks of a conservatory, all Thorntonville delights to do him honor.

But the very head and front, the beginning and the end of our fashionable society, is Colonel Thornton and Colonel Thornton's family. With Colonel Thornton's family Thorntonville began ; in them it lives and moves. Colonel Thornton's grand-father owned Thorntonville ; Colonel Thornton's father buried Colonel Thornton's grand-father, and speculated in Thorntonville, and was gathered to his fathers ; and then Colonel Thornton settled in the old place, and practised law for a little while, was elected to the Senate, retired from public life to Thorntonville, and by-and-by he too will journey by the same broad road from Thorntonville to another world.

The noble-looking, proud old man walks erect through the shady village street, so lofty, so unapproachable, his keen black eyes darting such vivid fire, and the thin lips so firmly pressed together, such an air of haughty condescension in his brow, and such a consciousness of lordly sovereignty upon his lofty forehead, that the man never lived in Thorntonville who did not hastily uncover as he passed, and return his bow with one of low deference, and answer to his salutation in respectful, subdued tones.

Years ago, when Colonel Thornton, ripe in honors, and sated with the toil and tumult of public life, came back to the shady green retreats of Hawthornden, he looked out in pride over the rich acres that stretched away from his window, and over the green lawn before his door, to the noble grove of oak, and elm, and maple, and down to the village that lay slumbering along the silvery winding stream down in the valley ; and then, as he thought of the great wealth and the proud

position he enjoyed, he remembered the four beautiful girls who sat down at his table, and the noble boy who should bear his name down to another generation.

Who will ever forget little Sidney Thornton, that beautiful boy of thirteen summers? Who does not remember his flashing dark eyes that were as full of fickle feeling as ever were a woman's, one moment filling fast with tears, and then sparkling through the drops with boyish glee? or the sweet childish lips that were for ever moving, quivering now with fleeting sorrow, or pouting in momentary anger? Old men used to gaze upon his broad sunny brow, so clustered round with glossy curls, and bless the child. Every body loved the boy; who could help it? and the gruff blacksmith, who had his shop down by the river, used to wipe off his smutty face when he heard his clear laugh of an afternoon, and would let his iron cool to follow him about the shop, answering all his questions, and teaching him to use his tools. And the surly old shoe-maker, that was never known to sleep, nor ever to be really awake — stitching, and hammering, and boring holes the live-long day, and far into the dark hours of the night — even he used to look up through his great brass-rimmed spectacles with a strange grim smile upon his care-worn face, when little Sidney stood in his shop-door; and he would stop his endless 'rap-tap' upon his lap-stone, and get up to hunt about among the odd strips of leather and many-colored morocco for the best and softest piece for his ball-cover; and they do say that he stitched and stitched away all his odd minutes for many weeks upon the straps of Sidney's first pair of skates; and, in sooth, when they came forth from his hands, the new and strange devices wherewith they were decorated excited the admiration and envy of the whole villagery of boys.

Down in one corner of the Thornton property dwelt poor Adam Locke, in his little cottage. Adam Locke had grown up from a boy upon the estate, and while the hardy enterprising young men of the village were pushing their fortunes westward, he remained still upon the old place, without a dream of changing his condition, till he took to himself to wife a pretty little bustling house-maid in the Thornton family, and went to dwell with her where his father had lived before him; and, furbishing up the old hoes and spades, he took up regularly his father's duties in the great garden, and the orchards and groves of Hawthorn-den. While Adam's locks were growing gray and thin, and in his sweaty, sun-burned brow the simple story of laborious years was being written line by line, one year after another brought up around him a growing group of healthy daughters, as pretty, as bustling, and as industrious as their mother; but he had to wait long before a son was born to him; and when little Johnny came at last, the old man's simple heart was full, and he used to spend the long summer evenings dandling and hushing his infant boy; and when the little fellow learned to walk, and could call his father by name, the two would go forth together into the broad alleys of the garden, and while the old man hoed up the heaps of weeds the little boy chatted away to him, and he would stop to answer him as if he knew every word of his baby-talk; and he

found a deal of comfort and great help in the company and childish prattle of his only little son.

When Johnny Locke grew up — a homely, sun-burned boy, square, stout, and clumsy — it would puzzle you to know why the old man used to stop and lean on his spade and watch him so proudly ; and why he would talk about ‘ My John ’ so much, as if no other John was ever half so good, or smart, or wise. But he was a brave, active lad, passionate and generous, and all the boys in the village liked John Locke, and the school-master used to say that he studied harder than any boy in his school.

Little Sidney Thornton would find his way to the garden-bed, or the hedge where John was working, and the two boys soon became fast friends ; so that whenever they could get a holiday they were sure to be wandering together into the forest, or up among the hills, or along the river’s banks, fishing, or nutting, or swimming ; and Colonel Thornton, proud though he was, could not find it in his heart to interfere with the pleasure of his darling son. So the two were left to enjoy themselves in their own way, and grew in favor daily with the villagers.

One summer afternoon there was something flying about, and wafted on whispering breath from house to house of the village, and from knot to knot of anxious, inquiring men in the street ; and as each one heard it he held his breath, and gasped in horror, and hurried to his home. Foaming horses came clattering in, and each rider was stopped, and eager groups thronged about him, hanging on the reins and clinging to the stirrups ; and as the horseman galloped on from group to group, dismay and terror spread through the town. At each gate-way were frightened mothers and clusters of weeping sisters ; for a party of boys had gone to the lake to bathe, and two of them were drowned ! Fathers heard it, and remembered the missing face at table ; one pale face met another in the street, and quivering lips gasped out the fearful question : ‘ Is it mine ? ’ Horses and carriages were flying through the town toward the lake, but before them all was gray-haired Colonel Thornton, spurring on his black steed covered with foam and dust, reining up to inquire of each group of affrighted boys on their homeward way, and spurring on again. In heavy wagons, on foot, on horse-back, the village poured out to the lake ; and Colonel Thornton was galloping madly up and down before the throng on the bank, calling for ropes and drags ; and the blacksmith was in his boat, and ropes were thrown in, and grappling-irons, and stalwart oars-men took their places ; and boat after boat was manned, and swept over each foot of water, up the swift current, and over the deep pools, and round the whirling eddies, down among the roots of trees, and amidst floating logs ; the crowd so mute lining the shore, and Colonel Thornton, on his panting horse, shouting the word of command, and holding up his heavy purse. One boat was drifting far down the stream into the river, its long lines sweeping the bottom ; silent and swift it glided on, till the blacksmith shouted from the stern. A heavy body was entangled in the grapnels ; and, as he hauled and hauled away, it came to the surface, just glancing in the red light of the setting sun, and something was lifted in, and away sped

the skiff to the shore. The crowd rushed down to the beach ; Colonel Thornton threw himself from his saddle and broke his way through. One moment they pressed around, swaying and pushing for a sight, then they shrunk back in awe and terror, as the old man lifted up his gray head from the bodies and turned his face toward them, and fell away silently on either side to let him pass.

Then such a wail arose ! sobbing and sighing low upon the evening breeze, and rising and swelling into fierce, loud lamentations, as one after another drew near and recognized the bodies ; for there was John Locke, in his coarse garments, clasped firmly round the waist by the naked arms of Sidney Thornton, and dragged down to death by him !

Slowly they turned away, and slowly the straggling groups and single foot-men stole home at dusk ; and the stout blacksmith, tenderly wrapping up the poor bodies, drove softly, late at night, into the village.

The rusty hinges of the old family vault did not open for little Sidney Thornton. It was not for him to lie in his chill, damp niche until the resurrection-morn. They chose out a place where the sun-light fell bright and warm, where the dank, thick shade of the trees might not fall too cold upon him ; and they dug there a grave for two. And one bright morning of July the whole village thronged together there as mourners. Nearest stood Colonel Thornton, his gray head uncovered, and the silvery locks blowing about in the summer-breeze ; and on the other side of the grave knelt Adam Locke, bending over the edge, and gazing down upon the coffin-lid that covered up the face of his only boy — two old men, so much unlike, and yet so near, stricken down by one blow, looking into one grave, burying together there their hope, and pride, and joy ; helpless and feeble alike, and needy and desolate !

There is an old book that I found once on the top-shelf of my library, buried in rubbish, and covered thick with dust. I read many strange things in its tattered pages, and, among others, it told how one man and one woman were the parents of us all. I soon forgot the curious story, and the old book is as dusty as it was before ; but as I turned away from that wide, deep grave, I could not help thinking that perhaps the great haughty Colonel Thornton and poor Adam Locke were pretty near relations after all.

NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee ;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee.

HERRICK.

A M O T H E R ' S L A M E N T .

BY THE PEASANT BARD.

'T WAS when the rye was in the blow,
And Summer's breath was sweet,
My baby from my arms did go
The LORD OF LOVE to greet.

Thou 'rt now a little angel, dear!
And dost thou mind me yet?
Thy mother's love, so fervent here,
Can Heaven's bliss forget?

I feel it wrong to mourn for thee,
But who unmoved could keep?
'T were fitter thou shouldst weep for me,
If angels ever weep.

Again the rye is in the blow,
And Summer's breath is sweet;
But fairer flower than June can show,
Is dust beneath my feet.

Again the sheltering maples fling
Their shadows round my door;
Again the social warblers sing
As cheerily as before:

But there 's a gloom around my heart —
No shadow of the tree;
And, would I tempt the tuneful art,
Mine is the minor key.

Yon hang-bird, swinging in her cot,
Is joyful with her own:
O bird! thou 'rt happy: I am not:
My nestling 's early flown.

The gloaming shadows tint the vale,
The sober moon I see;
And lonely sounds the piping quail
Out on the darkening lea.

There 's something gone I do not meet;
Lost, that I may not find:
True, Summer smiles around me sweet,
But joyless is my mind.

O Memory! stern or pleasing be
The phantoms of thy power;
Would that the vision I can see
Were real for the hour!

T H E P O R T R A I T .

BY L. A. RANDALL.

It was an old, old street, such as you would hardly expect to find within the corporation bounds of a city of such comparatively modern growth as New-York. So narrow and dim was it, that the venerable houses, tall and skeleton-like, seemed leaning forward toward one another, as if for support, and the tufts of grass and clusters of yellow dandelions growing between the crooked and sunken bricks of the pavement, caught scarcely a glimpse of the glad sun-shine that played over all else, in its prodigal luxuriance of May brightness.

The city seemed absolutely to have grown away from this ancient quarter. What consanguinity could it claim with all the stately avenues and widely-paved streets that stretched far away to the westward? Dim and silent and antiquated it stood, like some aged person, bent and hoary with years, whom death and decay seem to have passed by and forgotten long ago. Now and then a rattling cart clattered through its lonely precincts, as if bewildered to find itself there, and eager to get clear of the unaccustomed neighborhood. The very echoes, driven from the bustling marts of life and activity, sought refuge amid these weird-looking old buildings, and wandered, like homeless spirits, through this lonely and dream-like monument of the past.

But on this particular May morning there was a slight degree more bustle and animation than usual around a certain old house, which was more respectable to outward view than its ruinous brethren, and seemed to retain the most thread-bare pretence and miserable gentility of all the street. Every morning, as regularly as the first sun-beams slanted across the hoary roofs, the staid-looking maid-servant came forth to polish the brass door-handle until it shone again, and to sweep the dust from the rusty grass before the steps; and the solitary cat sat blinking behind the narrow window-panes, which always glittered with housewifely care, although the heavy curtains of faded tapestry shut out all glimpses of the two old maiden ladies, who, save the prim servant-woman, were the only inhabitants of the domicile.

This bustle was satisfactorily explained by a flaring red flag which hung from one of the upper windows, and by the loud and ceaseless din of the well-known auction-bell, borne up and down the street by one of Mr. —'s myrmidons. The old oaken-paneled door was gaping wide on casual passers-by; the rooms were one and all thrown open, and the vulgar gaze of curiosity revelled at will on the long-silent and secluded domains of those two stately, gray-haired old women.

I was one of the first comers, induced thereto by a long friendship which had subsisted between my mother and these ladies. I knew very well the cause of these unfortunate proceedings, which had long been dreaded, both by the Miss Haynes and their constant friend, my

kind mother. Years and years ago they had held their rank among the aristocrats of society, but fortune had deserted them in latter times, and friends grown cold. Their only brother had run largely in debt to purchase shares in some tempting bubble, whose bursting reduced them all to the lowest circumstances. Henry Haynes died, full of remorse and sorrow for thus having ruined his poor sisters, and left them encumbered with a heavy debt. What with accumulating interest and long neglect, this incubus had increased fearfully in the few years that had elapsed since their brother's death; and now, in the dreary autumn-time of their lives, Harriet and Clarissa Haynes saw no alternative but the sad one of disposing of their all, and even this expedient would not suffice to liquidate that haunting debt that sat on their hearth-stone by day, and hovered over their pillows by night, like some evil spirit. Harassed by their importunate old creditor, agonized by the consciousness of their complete helplessness, what else could these poor ladies do?

I found but a few minutes to whisper sympathizing and consoling words to my friends, ere the rooms began to fill with spectators. Some came in from curiosity, some because they happened to be passing at the moment, but most because they really wished to purchase, and hoped to find things cheaper in such an old-fashioned and secluded place.

And oh! how sadly elegant, how miserably stately were all these relics of long ago! The faded curtains, the stiff-backed, uneasy chairs, cushioned with ancient embroidery, wherein the yellows were a soiled white and the crimsons a muddy purple, no colors retaining their original brightness; and the distorted mirrors in their worm-eaten frames! An old piano, with long, spindling legs and elaborately-carved case, stood in a corner. It was open, displaying the narrow bank of yellow keys and a pile of discolored and venerable music, such as our grandmothers used to sing in days of lang syne. The carefully-mended carpets, in which the dim figures were undistinguishable from the dull, brown ground; the quaint old vases, from whose twisted convolutions peeped forth grinning apes and satyrs, and beautiful children's faces, filled with faded *immortelle*, whose white and purple globes were yearly renewed from the narrow garden-plot behind the house; the wrought rug, with its border of stiff roses, over which had ached and smarted many a pair of bright eyes, now mingled with the dust; all these things seemed to convey one backward to the dim echoes of a former generation.

But the one object that caught my eye most in the low-ceiled room, boasting the title of parlor, was a portrait hanging over the fire-place: a beautiful young female head, crowned with ringlets of paly gold, and with deep, liquid hazel eyes — that rare and peculiar combination of colors which artists so seldom see, and always find so exquisite. Old Time had spread a dull brown tint over the whole, but he could not hide the bloomy roses in the dimpled cheeks, nor the sunny shadows of the bright hair. The face looked out from the black canvas as fresh and lovely as a peep of blue sky smiling between gray storm-clouds. I had seen this picture, and revelled in its exceeding beauty, many and many a time before. I knew that it was the likeness of poor Miss

Clarissa's youngest sister, who was dead long, long ago, and it shocked me beyond description to see it hanging up among the other things, as if for sale.

'O Miss Harriet!' said I, turning to the sister, who stood with tearful eyes beside me, 'you are not going to have poor Ellinor's picture sold?'

'I must, my child,' said Miss Harriet with a fresh burst of tears; 'old Mr. Whiteleigh is a hard and cruel creditor; he says all the house contains will not satisfy his debt, and we have not the power to reserve a single article. I had rather lose every thing else than that poor baby's image. Is it not lovely, my dear? Hush! don't let Clarissa see you looking at it, or she will break her heart. Oh! it is a hard, hard thing!' She drew her hand across her eyes and went on:

'And that was her piano, too. Ah! yellow and old as it looks now, it was a fine instrument when Ellinor was sixteen: my father was so proud of her beautiful singing; it sounded just like a bird in the green woods. Pianos were costly enough in those days, and people wondered that Henry went to such an expense for her; but we were rich then, and thought nothing could be too good for such a pretty young thing as Ellinor. There's all the music she used to play; it must be sold, every sheet of it. We used to sit in the old garden, years before it was all built up around, and listen to her playing; father used to say it was more like heaven than earth. I am almost glad to think he died before all our troubles came. Cousin Philip used to love her music too; he worshipped the very ground that Ellinor walked on. I have seen him pick up a ribbon that dropped from her hand, and treasure it away, as if it were some costly jewel!'

Poor Miss Harriet turned away, wiping off a furtive tear, as a curious group poured in, and I sat down on the stiff old sofa, pondering over the little kernel of romance shut up within her words. The sisters had oftentimes told me of their gallant and true-hearted cousin, Philip Aylmer; how he had sailed away for the far-off India long, long ago, in the very flower of his youth, and even before the mould was heaped over those shining curls of the loved and lost Ellinor. I resolved to ask Miss Harriet or Miss Clarissa all about it at some future day; but now the elder sister tapped me lightly on the arm.

'Do n't you want to take a last look at the old book-case, Lizzy? It is to be sold in about an hour, they say. Clary will go with you.'

I rose to follow the hint conveyed by Miss Harriet's quick, appealing eye, especially as the swaying crowd now approached the spot where hung that glorious young face, whose regal loveliness attracted every eye.

Miss Clarissa slowly ascended the creaking stairs, and we entered the little chamber, scrupulously neat, where the snow-white muslin curtains were looped back with knots and bows of discolored blue ribbon, and the tall old-fashioned clock told off the lagging seconds with loud, monotonous tick.

'This used to be mother's room,' said Miss Clarissa, 'and afterward Ellinor's. It was a pretty little chamber then. Mother was no great

reader ; she used to keep her work in the old book-case. Ellinor selected most of the books.'

'Your mother died, then, when Ellinor was very young ?'

'Only thirteen, my dear, and that is very young to be left without a mother's care, especially for one so giddy and so lovely as she was. We all spoiled her, and though she was sometimes wilful and headstrong, she had such a sweet winning way, that we were all ruled by her.'

Miss Clarissa opened the time-stained mahogany doors of the tall book-case and took out one or two of the volumes, with a sigh.

Old yellow-leaved things they were : 'Clarissa Harlowe,' 'Sir Charles Grandison,' essays, travels, volumes of poems, and I observed that nearly all were marked with fairy pencil-lines in the sweetest passages, with dried rose-buds falling in a shower of scented dust from between the leaves.

She replaced them, and turned absently toward the window. I put aside the curtains and looked down upon the little yard below, with brick buildings rising on every side. There were two or three borders of gorgeous carnations there, and rows of stunted heart's-ease, and in the corner was a giant rose-bush, crimson with its load of blossoms — all that remained of the arbors and gravel-walks and evergreen-bowers of long ago. I asked Miss Clarissa some casual question concerning the garden ; she did not answer me. I placed my hand on her shoulder softly, and she started.

'I beg your pardon, dear ; you must excuse my stupidity, but indeed I am so anxious about that picture. Harriet and I have scraped a few dollars together, with your mother's aid, to try to bid it in, but old Mr. Whiteleigh counted a good deal on what it would bring, as he said it was such a fine fancy head, and I much fear we shall be out-bid. I loved the girl very dearly once, and my love clings round the frail representation of her beauty yet.'

How my heart ached as I looked on the poor old lady's melancholy face ; the dull eyes strained with watching, the ears inclined toward the closed door, as if to catch a sound of what it was utterly impossible to hear.

'Harriet sent me up here, without thinking I knew the reason so well. She feared I should be weak and nervous, and may-be faint away if we were disappointed ; well, perhaps I should.' And she sank down dejectedly into a chair.

Just then we heard the quick, light patter of little Miss Harriet's footstep on the stairs, and she came in, vainly striving to repress her tears. Miss Clarissa instantly put her withered hand before her eyes.

'Do n't mind it, Harriet,' she said, faintly ; 'sit down and have a good cry.'

Her sister seemed to think that course about the best that could be pursued, so she let her head fall upon my shoulder and sobbed heartily. I could only reply by gently smoothing her gray hair with my hand, and wanting very much to cry myself.

'Well,' she said, raising her head in a few moments, 'I don't think

it's of any use to cry, Clary. The darling child's sweet face is gone ; but then we have a better image than that — one that age or sorrow cannot dim — engraved deep in our hearts.'

'Who purchased it?' inquired Miss Clarissa.

'An old gentleman was there, all bundled up with furs, so that nothing but his eyes were visible. Such keen, restless eyes! they were on every body and every thing at once, and I thought his sharp gaze would pierce me through and through. I suppose he must be one of Mr. Whiteleigh's friends, for he seemed to know all about the place. He bid in the poor old piano and music for a hundred dollars, and gave one hundred and fifty for the portrait. I offered fifty, but he bid higher than I could venture to go, by a full hundred. I went to him and told him the whole case, how much we loved the picture, and how sorely we longed to keep it, and asked him if he could not let us have it still. 'No,' he said; 'it was a bright, pretty face, and he liked such portraits; he was a great admirer of fancy heads. No, not by any means.' And then he turned abruptly away to another part of the room. I could not beg further, of course, so I came up here in despair.'

'I suppose it was the best that could be done,' sighed Miss Clarissa, dejectedly.

'And now that you have nothing remaining here that can call for your presence, do come and make your home with us for the present, both of you,' urged I, 'at least until you find another.'

'A thousand thanks, my dear,' said Miss Harriet, cheerily; 'but we can occupy this old place for a month or two yet, they say; and Mr. Whiteleigh told me to use freely whatever furniture he had bid in, which would remain in the house until I could make shift for better. After all, people are not always so hard as we think them. I'm sure it's very kind of Mr. Whiteleigh.'

I could not help admiring Miss Haynes' bright, cheerful disposition, which always found a little gleam of sun-shine even in the darkest spot.

'But come with me for to-day at least,' continued I, 'until the house is cleared. It can only annoy and vex you to remain.'

'Perhaps we had better,' said Miss Harriet, glancing toward her sister; 'and as our things, what little we have, are all safe by themselves, I'll bring our bonnets, Clary, and we'll go with Lizzy.'

We hurried past the parlor-door, but not so swiftly as to prevent me from catching a momentary glimpse of that lovely face, with its rippling fall of golden curls and transparent, rose-tinted complexion. What was the stream of romance which flowed past the grave of dead Ellinor Haynes? I would ask Miss Harriet that very afternoon. She was not averse to talking of that beautiful departed sister, nay, she rather loved to linger on all her loveliness and grace and accomplishments. With 'this secret resolve, we reached our destination; my mother welcomed the two forlorn sisters with even more than her usual cordial kindness, and they sat down beside our hearth-stone, not altogether desolate.

The tea-things were all cleared away, and Miss Harriet and I sat

together in the cozy back-parlor, by the dancing light of the cheerful wood-fire, which an unseasonable chilliness of the evening had rendered a positive luxury. My kindest of mothers, agreeably to a slight hint that a little variety would prevent the younger sister from brooding too sadly over her misfortunes, had gone on a little shopping expedition with Miss Clarissa, whose judgment and taste she had requested in such flattering terms that the poor old lady found it impossible to refuse.

'Dear Miss Harriet,' said I, coaxingly, taking the little shrivelled hand in mine, 'I've a great favor to ask of you.'

'What is it, my child?' asked the old lady, smiling benignly on me.

'Do tell me all about poor Ellinor and your cousin Philip; for I know there is a rich vein of romance under all your reminiscences. I would like much to hear it, especially after looking so attentively upon that sweet old portrait.'

'No, there is not much of a tale,' sighed Miss Harriet, 'not more than almost any one can relate from sad experience. I often think, Lizzy, that there's a deal of unwritten romance in every woman's existence. Truth is stranger far than fiction, they say. But I will cheerfully tell you of it, my dear; for I love to linger on the memory of that dear, dead sister. The portrait is a good one, very; but there was a look in her face that no artist could ever transfer to canvas — a bright, child-like expression that used to flit across her features as swiftly as a sun-beam across a summer brooklet. You could not trace it, nor know whence it came, but there it was, beautiful and transitory as a vision.'

Miss Harriet patted my shoulder softly, and gazed musingly into the fire for a moment, as if she saw some familiar shadow there, and then resumed:

'We all loved and worshipped her, more perhaps than was right, either for her or for ourselves; but every one admired her just the same; and you might easily guess that an ardent, high-spirited boy of nineteen, like Cousin Philip, could not meet such a lovely creature every day, and yet keep his heart whole. He watched her every glance and motion; he treasured up the faded flowers that dropped from her hand; indeed he was like one under the influence of a spell. He was a noble, true-hearted fellow, and my father used to wish and hope that she might come by degrees to like him, and they might thus be brought together for life.'

'But as soon as she perceived the whole extent of her power, she began, as maidens will, to use it waywardly and wilfully. She never noticed his little attentions; she laughed at the wounds she herself inflicted. When he came in the summer twilight, she would steal away into the garden and remain there for hours; and when the chilly autumnal evenings came on, she would nestle down in the chimney-corner, beside my father's chair, and be so absorbed in her book or needle-work, that she had never a glance or smile for poor Philip. Yet Clarissa and I could not help thinking that she liked him after all, though we could never convince him of it, or make him believe that she did not scorn and dislike him.'

'One time in particular, I remember distinctly. We were in the large, shady old garden, a merry party, Philip and Ellinor among us.

We talked, among other things, of the language of flowers; young people, you know, my dear, love to indulge their bright fancies thus; and two or three of her gayest young suitors — for she had hosts of them even then — laid fragrant blossoms at Ellinor's feet, which she twined in the yellow rings of her lovely hair, laughing as she did it. Poor Philip mustered courage to offer her a little red rose-bud just peeping through its green covert of leaves. She took it, but without speaking; held it for a moment, and then dropped it carelessly, to take some other flower. I never saw such a flush as came over his forehead for a moment, and then left it pale as death. He turned away into another path. I followed him in a moment, and found him in a little arbor, with his face hidden in his hands. I tried to comfort him. I told him that Ellinor was a thoughtless young thing, who scarcely knew as yet that she possessed a heart, and begged him not to put too bitter a construction on such trivial looks and deeds; but he did not stir nor answer me, so I left him and went back to the party.

‘Ellinor was looking her brightest and loveliest that evening. There was such a delicate tracery of bloom in her cheeks, such brilliancy in her eyes, and so much vivacity in her looks and manners, that it almost alarmed me, and brought uneasy ideas of something supernatural before my mind. It was growing twilight very fast, when I turned around by chance, and saw Philip in the deep shadows of the evergreens, leaning against a tree; he was watching Ellinor with an intent, earnest look that took in every flutter of her hair and every beam of her bright eye. I felt ready to weep myself from sympathy with him, and regret at her inscrutable conduct.

‘It was not long before our group broke up and separated. My father called from the porch that it was growing damp and cool, so when Ellinor saw Philip coming toward her, she slipped her round, dimpled arm into mine, and left him to escort Clarissa. I began to reprove her well, you may believe, but she only laughed at me, and put her little white hand over my mouth, so that I had no alternative but to kiss it, and look reproachfully at her.

‘Father scolded a little because we had remained out in the evening dew so late, but when she came to coax and kiss him, he called her his darling little one, and bade her go and sing one of his favorite songs. She complied, but Philip, instead of lingering beside her, as was his usual wont, took up his hat, as if to depart.

‘‘Are you going already, Philip?’ I asked, springing eagerly toward him.

‘He nodded, and beckoned me to accompany him as far as the door. I went, but as he paused on the outer steps, apparently about to speak, Ellinor came tripping to the door with a newspaper which my father had desired her to give to Philip. He took the paper, and in so doing took her hand, and drew her gently to his side, and murmured something in her ear. I had drawn back some paces, but I heard her respond scornfully, and with a derisive laugh, throwing back the bright curls from her brow as she spoke.

‘He appeared to urge his request, for she again exclaimed:

‘‘Now and henceforth, never! Do not hope it!’

‘He said, in a slightly elevated tone of voice, something about India : she replied, still laughing :

‘India or Greenland, ’t is all one to me,’ and broke from his detaining hand. Such a look of agony as passed over his white face ! I could see it, even in the faint star-light. She flitted past me up-stairs, and I followed, grieved and amazed.

‘It was some time before I mustered courage to enter her room, which at length I did, very softly. She was sitting with her back toward me, and her head reclining on the table before her, sobbing and weeping as though her heart would break. Revealed by the dim light of the lamp, lay a tiny dark object, within the relaxed clasp of her slender fingers. I looked a little closer : it was Philip’s neglected rose-bud !

‘In a day or two, we heard people talking of Philip Aylmer’s intended voyage to India. It seemed a long way further off in those days than it does in the present time, and sorry enough we all were to lose him. He departed very suddenly, and without bidding farewell to any of us, except my father, whom he saw at his counting-house ; and after he was really gone, for good and all, I began to see a change in Ellinor, who up to this time had been as gay and lively as ever. I do not think she believed him really in earnest, when he spoke of leaving his native country ; and when the wide ocean lay between them, it seemed as though she began, for the first time, to realize his absence.

‘Since then, many and many a weary year has rolled past, and we have never heard the slightest tidings of him. For a long time we cherished the idea of seeing him again ; for we did not think he could ever learn to forget the ties that were once so dear to him ; but we were at length forced to abandon even the faintest shadow of hope.

‘Alas ! it is a melancholy thing to see the dim fires of hope waning and dying in their secret shrine, and know that the young heart is breaking beside their ruins ; yet such was the sight that we witnessed daily in our poor Ellinor. It was many months before she would believe that he was dead, or had forgotten her ; indeed, she never ceased to watch and wait, and start convulsively whenever there was a sudden knock at the door, until Death muffled the beatings of her chilled heart, and put an end to all her mournful vigils. We could not trace the degrees by which the transparent bloom — at first rosy and delicate as the tintings of a curved sea-shell — faded away from her cheek, and the slight, fragile figure grew slighter and more fragile ; but we knew that the constant remorse and anguish of her heart were leaving their certain impress on the outward form.

‘With this gradual though not less fearful change of the external, we could not fail to perceive a visible alteration of her spiritual health also. Her manner lost its wild, exuberant joyousness, and took a milder, softer tone ; her voice seemed to have forgotten its clear, laughter-loving intonations, and retained but the low, sweet music of its tenderest tones. All the gay thoughtlessness and wayward sportiveness were gone ; there only remained the trustful, loving, child-like yet broken-hearted maiden, whose young life was fading ‘in its sweet spring-time.’ Ah ! poor Ellinor ! she had at length discovered that she possessed a heart ; alas ! only to feel its dying pangs.

‘My father sorrowed much to see the gradual fading of his cherished flower; to feel the little hand grow lighter day by day, as it lay in his own, and to trace so plainly the azure flow of those blue veins on her pure forehead; but no sage physician was ever able to penetrate to the hidden fountain which was poisoning the waters of her young existence. No change of air and scene had magic to bring back the roses that had departed. She still warbled the old melodies in the dim autumnal twilight, and still watched and cherished the garden favorites; but when the bleak November blasts brought snow and ice upon their furious pinions, we knew that ere the little spring-blossoms peeped above their frozen tombs, she would be a bright-robed angel in the flowery vales of Paradise.

‘It was the evening of a lovely April day of sun-shine and shower when she died. The varying clouds were tinted with burning gold and rich crimson around the setting sun, and the air was full of the perfume of budding trees and springing grass. I was alone in the little chamber with her; the rest of the family, not dreaming that the end of all things with her was so near, had gone, at her urgent request, for a short walk; for she was quick to detect a weary eye or languid step, and feared that they had been watching too closely at her bed-side.

‘Hush!’ she said, softly, ‘did I not hear a foot-step on the stairs?’

‘I told her it was but her own fancy.

‘Darling,’ she said, after a short silence, as I laid my head gently on her pillow, ‘I hear the sounds of angelic trumpets calling me away, and I know that my time is come. Take this little flower and treasure it carefully for my sake. If *he* should ever return, restore it to him, and tell him I loved and hoped to the very last. Tell him that, even while the shadows of death were falling around me, I listened for his foot-step on the stairs; that, wayward and wild as I always was, my heart has ever been true to him.’

‘She still held the withered rose-bud to her breast, as if she could not bear to relinquish her hold of its tiny stem. I begged her, with many tears and caresses, not to despair of long and happy years of life still; for her unnatural bloom and beauty had deceived us all.

‘My poor father!’ she said, with a deep sigh; ‘who will comfort him when his erring and misguided but still most loving and faithful child is gone?’

‘Her head drooped on the pillow again, and she seemed to slumber quietly. I withdrew softly to the window to hide my emotion and check the convulsive sobs that would have way. Presently I heard her soft voice murmuring strains of some melancholy old chant she had been wont to love. At length the dying cadence floated away upon the golden twilight air, and a deep silence reigned throughout the room. I stole to her bed-side with a strange foreboding at my heart.

‘She was dead! Beautiful as a carved statue she lay; the sunny curls flowing round her head like a halo of glory; the red flush of sunset still lingering on the marble cheek, and tinging the white hands that were crossed so meekly on her breast. In the odorous silence of that twilight hour her young spirit had gone forth into the land of light.’

A deep unbroken silence ensued for some moments. The waning

fire danced and flickered with dying radiance on the walls, and turned the slowly-trickling tears on the poor lady's face to glittering diamonds in its reddening flash.

'It is long, long since,' she resumed, 'and I thought that Time had nearly healed the wounds; but now I feel how powerless are years and months to erase the old sympathies, the old loves and hopes. Had she lived, she would have been old and withered like me; like me she would have tasted the bitter cup of want, and woe, and poverty; it is better far that she slumbers quietly in the peaceful earth. 'Whom the gods love, die young.'

The next day Miss Harriet and I, followed at a short distance by Clarissa and the faithful old Phebe, set out for the quaint dwelling-place of the forlorn spinsters; for we were anxious to restore some sort of a home-look to its dreary walls as soon as possible, for the sake of the younger sister; for Miss Harriet was very tender of Clarissa, whose failing health and dejected spirits indeed stood in need of kindly allowance and unwearied care.

Lonely and deserted enough it was. The front-door wide open; the broad light of day peering boldly into the undraped windows; the bare floors echoing sadly to the foot-steps; the very articles of furniture, which were as yet uncalled-for by their new proprietors, wore a strange and unfamiliar aspect.

'It is rather curious,' said Miss Harriet, 'that the doors are all open. I suppose, however, that the purchasers of yesterday are here claiming their respective property, although it is quite early for that.'

We opened the parlor-door and entered. Directly before the picture which hung over the mantel-piece, and regarding it intently, stood a gentleman closely muffled in fur wrappers.

'It is the man who purchased the portrait,' whispered Miss Harriet, and I felt her hand trembling on my arm like an aspen-leaf; 'do not let us come in now.'

We retreated as softly as possible, but the rusty old hinges creaked and groaned mournfully as we strove to reopen the heavy door. The stranger turned quickly, and looked at us with a peculiar smile.

The poor maiden stood for a moment white and motionless. So pale was she that I feared she was about to faint; but she instantly recovered, and, springing convulsively forward, exclaimed in a shrill, tremulous voice:

'Philip! Philip Aylmer!'

He came, smiling gladly, to meet her, and in a moment she was sobbing and trembling on his supporting arm, her face buried on his shoulder. I felt that my presence was no longer needed in that little room, and slipped softly out, weeping for very joyous sympathy with my friend's emotion in that blessed hour. As I approached the door, Miss Clarissa came up the steps, leaning heavily on her maid's arm.

'Where is Harriet? Why are you weeping?' she asked, placing her hand quickly on her heart.

'Go in, go in, dear Miss Clarissa.' I could hardly speak, but I pointed toward the parlor. 'Go, and HEAVEN'S blessing go with you!'

She sprang quickly past me, and was gone. As the door opened I heard the wild wail of an anguished human heart:

'Oh! too late! too late! Oh! nevermore! nevermore!'

I drew the astonished maid-servant away, explaining to her in broken words the cause of my emotion and that of her mistresses, and bidding her tell them by-and-by that I had gone home, stole away with a heart full of grateful rejoicing for my poor friends.

In the frosty evening twilight (for it was cold, even in the fickle month of May) the staunch old servitress came, with a loving message from the sisters that they would like to have me come and spend an hour or two with them. Of course I immediately bonneted and shawled, and set forth with Phebe, whose garrulous happiness formed a pleasing accompaniment to the sympathetic beatings of my own heart.

What miracle had metamorphosed the dark, low-ceiled, gloomy parlor of old into that bright, cheerful apartment, where the glorious anthracite fire sent up spires and sheets of blue and emerald light from its deep, glowing heart of fiery red; where the flowing crimson curtains seemed to shut out and exclude all chill and darkness, and the shaded globes of the solar lamps diffused a softened radiance throughout every corner? They were sitting before the cheery grate, one on either side. Miss Clarissa's face seemed almost young again, with its unwonted smiles and sunshine; and Miss Harriet, well-nigh buried in the capacious cushions of her great easy-chair, looked like the very impersonation of joyous hope and renewed vivacity.

'It is all *his* work,' she said, smiling, as she caught my eye wandering over these new regulations. 'Ah! you may well gaze and marvel; it seems almost as though he were gifted with the magic wand we used to read of in our old fairy stories. Only to think, dear Lizzy, of his having become so rich and famous in the far-off countries, and coming back at last to spend the autumn of his life in the dear old haunts and places of long ago!'

For a long time we talked of this strange reëpearance of him who had been so long mourned as dead. She told me how his heart had ever turned, like the constant magnet, to the one home that was more to him than all the world beside; how he had toiled patiently through slow-rolling years to win wealth and reputation to lay at the feet of that one who dwelt ever in his thoughts, on whom he mused and dreamed, aye, even after she had long looked down, a bright-browed angel, on his fevered vision — his one all-absorbing object. She told me how his pleading letters, dispatched across the waste of waters, eloquent with his depth of love and earnestness, brought back no answering word of hope. Alas! how could they, when none ever reached its destination? How, in spite of all these convincing proofs, he trusted fondly on, and closed his heart against conviction; how time crept on, and he was no longer the free, enthusiastic, visionary youth, but a bowed and wrinkled man; then, with failing hope and dying energy, he came to learn his doom. He reached his native shores; he came again to the dear accustomed spot; and then, O human heart! it is well that thou canst break and yet throb on; it is well that the crushed and torpid principle of life still

beats on, when hope, and joy, and thought itself, are buried for ever in the great ruins.

'But oh!' sighed she, in a mournful voice, 'it was a terrible and fearful shock to learn, all of a sudden, that she for whom alone he had been amassing riches and a name, had been mouldering away under the daisies for many a long year! For a while it seemed as if the whole hope and stay of life were gone; as though the weary time he had spent in India was a useless blank and waste, and as though the years that lay between him and eternity would never roll their shadows away from the gates of life. But after a short season, when he heard how we were in want and tribulation, a new spirit dawned within him. The pleasant memories of the old times woke in his heart a melancholy gladness; and for her dear sake he resolved that we whom she had so loved and trusted should never know sorrow or destitution more.'

Miss Harriet's busy fingers paused, the work dropped upon her lap, and something glittered brightly beneath her eye-lashes. Here the younger sister took up the thread of the discourse:

'Was it not a well-contrived surprise? How should we suppose that he, whom we thought far across the seas, should be the one to purchase the picture and the piano, and how hard and cruel we thought it that they should be the property of another! But it is all settled now; he says that this poor old house shall be his dwelling-place always, for the sake of lang syne. None, no, not even a palace, could be dearer, he says; and we two lonesome old maids shall be his house-keepers, and help to comfort him whenever he is sad.'

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Cousin Philip himself, and I now had a fair view of him for the first time. A noble figure, somewhat bowed, a pleasant, cheerful countenance, bronzed by tropical suns, and a bright, penetrating eye, in whose deepest well-springs you could not but read the melancholy shadows of some one great sorrow — this was his *tout-ensemble*.

He sat down before the glowing hearth and talked pleasantly, even gayly, of things past and present. I was pleased to see the brotherly tenderness, the thoughtful kindness, with which he listened to the chirping voices of the two sisters, and the affectionate cordiality with which he replied to their manifold questionings. Ah! there was no more indigence or suffering or loneliness for them now. Safe in the assurance of wealth and comfort, the declining suns of their lives might set in tranquil peace and brightness. These were my musings when I had reached my own home, and in the silence of my chamber was mentally revolving all the events of the past twenty-four hours.

Many bright suns have risen and set since the unexpected dawn of better days upon the solitary spinsters of the deserted street. Their stream of life flows gently and smoothly along, in its quiet and secluded way, toward the great sea of eternity. Sometimes in my daily walks I meet that bowed yet stately man, moving through the busy streets with dreamy face, and eyes that see through a mist of years some lovely vision afar off. I never saw its golden shine, but the sisters once told me, in subdued whispers, that a tiny locket, gleaming with precious stones, lies day and night on Philip's faithful breast, containing the

scented dust of that withered rose-bud, whose colorless petals had risen and fallen with the last beatings of Ellinor's heart.

I go often to the venerable house — pleasant, even in the gloom of its dim antiquity — and spend the summer evenings amid the peaceful group, while Philip, sitting dreamily at the piano, improvises sweet, mournful strains, like the dying cadences of some grand old requiem, breathing through the vaulted arches of vasty cathedrals, or like the heavenly, half-remembered melodies that start up suddenly in our hearts, as angels from enchanted slumbers. And the rosy twilight fades gradually around us, and the cricket sings softly on the hearth, while that glorious young face, in its seraphic beauty, smiles from the dark canvas, for ever brightening and gilding the cherished memory of the loved and lost.

F I F T H O D E O F H O R A C E .

‘ Q U I S M U L T A G R A C I L I S . ’

WHAT graceful boy, with rose-crowned brow
All sprinkled o'er with fragrant dews,
Pressing his suit to PYRRHA now,
In shadowy grot his love renews
With eager vow ?

With simple charm of braided hair,
For whom does PYRRHA weave a lure ?
Poor Heart ! that hopes thee true as fair ;
Poor Heart ! that in thy love secure
Forgets all care.

Too soon, for smiles shall be all tears,
And prayers unheard, and hopes all wasted :
The tempest, with fast-gathering fears,
To dash the joy-cup down ere tasted,
Already nears.

Ah ! hapless they, for whom untried
Thy wanton, mocking graces shine !
A ship-wrecked sailor from the tide,
I've sought the Saviour-Sea-God's shrine ;
Its walls beside,

My wave-drenched garments have I flung ;
And gladder for the sorrow past,
The votive tablets all among,
To the fierce RULER of the blast,
My offering hung.

M U S I C .

———'How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices in the midnight air.' — MILTON.

ALL through the air dwelling,
All through the earth swelling,
Deep from the sea welling,
Music comes with gladness or with melancholy moan :
How the death of Time knelling,
And of spirit-land telling,
Or the joy of life quelling,
Roaring from the depths like the voice of spectre-gnome.

Glimmering in the moon-light,
Or sparkling through the spray ;
Flashing with the noon-might
Of sun in summer day ;
Pattering down with rain-drops,
Or thundering in the cloud ;
Murmuring through the tree-tops,
Or hanging like a shroud,
Congealed by snow in wintry day, it seems
Like night-mare horror hovering o'er our dreams.

Beautiful Music !
With joy and gladness
Lovingly blended
With grief and sadness ;
With grief sobbing
Mysterious ;
With joy throbbing
Delirious,
And grand as hidden harmonies of God :
New life foretelling
Victorious,
With grandeur swelling
All-glorious,
And full as His great wonders spread abroad.

It breaks out into joyous glee
When Spring bursts into life,
And laughs in all the brooks set free
From Winter's storms and strife :
It fills the arches of the groves
With gladdening songs of birds,
And softens like the moan of doves
The lowing of the herds :

It whistles in the autumn wind,
As it comes rollicking by ;
And crystallizes in the tint
Of gorgeous painted harmony,

Which splotches here and there the leaves,
 So softly mellowing, like a smile,
 Their ending life, and slowly weaves
 The grain in waves of lingering melody.

Music swelling everywhere,
 In the earth and through the air;
 In the bottom of the sea,
 O'er the bright and blooming lea;
 In the cloud by thunder riven,
 In the wind which sighs, then roars,
 In the rain before it driven,
 When it shrieking heavenward soars.
 All the world is harmony,
 All the universe abroad;
 All the flowers a melody,
 All Nature but a hymn to God.

Columbus, July, 1855.

THE HISTORY OF CAPTAIN SAMPSON STRONGBOW.

CHAPTER ONE.

THERE once lived in a lordly house, with four great chimneys and a spacious cellar, a certain peer of the realm, with a red face, a choleric temper, and two wives. John, Lord Beef, was the name of this robustious old Turk. He was a man broad and solid of frame. His legs, like two stalwart pillars, rested upon a pair of pedestals which seemed to have been designed by nature solely for the sturdiest use. In fact, that sagacious artisan having received an order to furnish a proprietor for a certain hideous and howling wilderness, which was afterward known throughout Europe, Asia, Africa, the two Americas, the East and West-Indies, and all parts of the world habitable by fish, flesh, and fowl, under the name of *Bullscrown Manor*, very wisely said: 'It plainly matters little what kind of feet I bestow upon this image, so that they be square and solid, and not easily to be fretted by thorns and rocks; but I will give to the poor creature hands of the most excellent pattern, in order that he may combat triumphantly with the wolves and savages which will fly at his throat the moment that he sets his foot in that region abandoned of Heaven, and that he may build for himself a good and strong house, suitable to dwell in, and be with his dame and children exceedingly comfortable.' Accordingly, having fitted on the extremities of his shanks two feet, which, though not of the neat clipper-build of those belonging to the swift-footed Achilles, were still most massive and substantial; and having also, in the kindness of her heart, encased them in a pair of shoes of the most durable cow-hide, (although it was not in the agreement that he was to

have shoes,) she next sat down over her box of knuckles, and with great care selected the very best in the assortment, and with them formed the nucleus of a bunch of fives, which the whole world will never tire of admiring when shaken, as is often the case, under the world's nose, and with which future generations will become acquainted in history, poetry, music, and the fine arts, (according to their particular turn of mind,) till they become as thoroughly bored with them as I am with Napoleon's cocked-hat and long-boots. Of such perfect pattern and workmanship were they, that if they had been driven against the ribs even of Goliath of Gath, they would have excited disgusting sensations in the epigastrium of that unwieldy son of Anak. The upper frame of our worthy nobleman was, as I have said, broad and square. It was laced and braced by thews of the toughest fibre, so that when his lordship stood in the ring, stripped for an Olympic contest, (which his partiality for learning and the ancient authors sometimes induced him to do,) I publish, declare, and avow that since the son of Jupiter and Alcmene mauled the nob of that gipsy bruiser Antæus, long before the pramids were littered, there has not been seen a sweeter pair of shoulders or a more elegant back than rose above the waist-band of the Earl of Beef.

The face of our amiable Earl was of a lord-like circumference, and richly endowed with color. His eyes were light-blue, and widely separated from each other by a most comely nose. His neck appeared to have been modelled in main after that of a bull, and when he was affected by a rising of choler, the sounds that issued from his gullet were a kind of hoarse bellowing, like that of the lord of the meadows when afar off he espies a scarlet pennon, and charges across the field with levelled horns and foaming mouth. Thus it is here seen, and will hereafter be further shown, that the master of Bullscrown was a goodly man to look upon, as well as discreet in business, orthodox in religion, handy in a skirmish, and mighty at the trencher.

Although this excellent and puissant nobleman boasted that he came of a prime old family, and vehemently argued to his neighbors that their own blood was the veriest slop compared with that which flowed in his veins, yet was he no fop or Nancy. The nails in the leather of his soles were such as they drive into horses' hoofs, and when he walked about the house, in his cow-hide shoes, all corns in his line of march instinctively shrank from the square-toed phenomenon. His coat was a rough one with big buttons, in the hale old times. His hat was but rustic in design and construction; and the staff which he carried in his hand was a mere cudgel, fitter to rap the crown of a vagabond withal than to indicate the dignity of its bearer. Nevertheless, his lordship was not without a sentiment of grandeur, and sometimes amazed the popular mind by displays of pomp, with which the triumphal processions of the dead heathen world, recounted with so much relish by the ancient historians, were not, in the estimation of this mighty nobleman, to be compared. To see him on such an occasion riding in solemn state in the grand coach, enveloped with robes and furs, bedecked with ribbons like a prize-ox, his head surmounted by a gorgeous coronet, and his face beaming from the midst of these paraphernalia with the com-

posure of the rising sun, was a sight at once imposing, fearful, majestic, and very uncomfortable. Before his coach walked the steward, bearing the great seal of the House of Beef, on which was graven for a device a bull with his head lowered and eyes shut, with the motto, '*Fænum habet in cornu.*' Him the butler followed, bearing a standard, on which were inscribed the various titles and dignities by which his lordship was known to the nations of the earth, to wit: 'John, Earl of Beef; Viscount Strongbow, of Strongbow; Baron Greatguns and Shiver-timbers of the Channel, Esquire; Justice of the Peace; Grand-Master of the Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Shoe-buckle;' and a dozen more, which I cannot recollect. A squad of clowns, blowing horns and beating drums in distracting style, formed the van of the procession; and a score of sturdy fellows with cudgels walked as a guard of honor beside the coach. In the spacious carriage rode by the side of our nobleman his two wives; and Masters John and Sampson, the sons of his lordship, and by far the most obstreperous brats in the world, struggling in the arms of their sweating nurses, and scratching, biting, and pummelling each other like young bears, completed a spectacle which would have moved the muscles of an anchorite.

Yet no one could contrive to laugh openly at these Beevine grand-eurs. The Marquis de Quivretoes, who considered himself the finest gentleman in the country, and prided himself greatly on his taste, knew very well what was best for him when he was tempted to amuse himself at the solid pomps of Bullscrown. He knew perfectly well that if the choleric Earl, gazing complacently from the belly of his coach, detected a grimace on the face of any spectator, he would bounce forth, regardless of purple and paraphernalia, take him by the cravat, and with a slap of the knuckles send the untimely jester home with bleeding jaws. Of such awkward temper was John of Bullscrown.

The Earl of Beef had a lordly house. When he built it, as he intended that his posterity should always occupy the fair inheritance which his hands had won, he determined to make a house that should last for ever. So he digged a deep cellar, laid a square and substantial foundation, and built thereupon one of the lordliest mansions that the whole earth holds. Master Gulielmus Joannes, a very learned clerk, hath, in a poem of six books, each of which books contain two thousand verses, written in the Latin tongue, described this mansion, with the parks, ponds, moors, mills, streams, rookeries, piscaries, and properties thereunto appertaining, which poem all persons who take pleasure in the contemplation of riches and prosperity, like that which was of old possessed by Job the patriarch, and Solomon the wise king, will do well to read. And concerning the mansion of Bullscrown and its goodly structure, thus he saith:

'Of stones was it made, square (stones) and solid, with great labor hewn from quarries dripping with water. With mortar, excellently concocted, were the said stones cemented together, in order that strident Aquilo and Eurus, remarkable for whistling, joined with giddy Auster and Boreas, rushing in a tumultuous manner from regions much resorted to by the walrus and ice-monkey, might not prostrate the walls, and ruin the valuable labors of the artificers. Chimneys four at the four

corners of this marvellous and mighty edifice erected themselves; wide chimneys, not smoky, but of great girth. The same did audibly chuckle when with a poker the cook did tickle them, and many bushels of sparks, the faggots having been punched, flew up like hornets provoked in their nests. Therefore this was an admirable building, similar to which, upon the entire globe of the world, none other was. Afar off, one resting on his staff upon a hill, might behold it partly concealed by oak-trees of much magnitude, and beholding it, doubtless would exclaim: 'Lo! what dux or lordly man, having returned from fortunate wars with spoils of great value, has sold the same for brass, and afterward reared yonder mighty and comfortable edifice, whereunto, without doubt, Jupiter Best and Greatest, having inadvertently strayed to a great distance from the nitent summits of Olympus, in order that he might with craft lure the spotted trout from the grottos of the Nereides, (having previously impaled a fly on the barb of a fish-hook,) would joyfully resort, when Night erected her dusky tent over the heads of tired mortals, he then — the king of gods and men — hoping to obtain in this lusty mansion supper of corned beef, cold and cut into slices, with bread, and excellent cheese pressed from white curds, and washed down with ale, poured into a pewter goblet by a damsel with rosy cheeks and a check-apron.'

Thus and much more does tuneful Gulielmus Joannes sing in unctuous verses concerning this unrivalled mansion. In truth, it was an edifice of most masterly construction. Once fairly built and pronounced finished by the Earl of Beef, it bade defiance to all enemies. The captains of flood and tempest led their blustering forces against it, only to meet ignominious discomfiture. A chimney might be toppled on the roof by some tornado of extraordinary energy and perseverance in the middle of the night, rousing Viscount Strongbow from his slumbers; or a water-spout might come spuming up from the sea to drown the pigs and poultry in the inclosures of this noble lord, but not an inch did winds or floods budge the impregnable walls of Bullscrew. I verily believe that if a gang of conspirators should attempt to blow the old house up, by exploding a hogshead of gun-powder in the cellar, it would go off like some huge mortar, hoisting floors, furniture, family, etc., to the clouds, while the four stone-walls would stand unmoved, and, to all appearance, be as it were refreshed by the sneeze, and ready for new beams and floors, and possibly for gas-pipes and 'all the modern improvements.' How different was it when the chateau of Fooleries blew up, and the poor Marquis de Quivretoes was flung to the crows. Bless me! the old chateau tumbled to pieces, as though it had been bowled over by a thunder-bolt.

'Tis the chimneys, Lord John,' quoth Dr. Punch, an astrologer and physician of vast learning, and tutor to my lord's two sons. 'D'ye see from these four flues do incessantly rise into the nostrils of Jove, king of gods and men, such a wholesome and grateful savor of beef, mutton, and pudding, that every morning, after snuffing the multitude of detestable stinks that rise from the earth, he turns his face, all seamed like a visage of gutta-percha, with ghastly wrinkles of disgust, to bathe his nose in those four blue coils of smoke, and straightway his counte-

nance becomes placid like an infant's; and as he draws the pleasing fumes into his lungs with the noise of a blast-furnace, he takes oath upon the Styx that so long as these odors mingle with the nitrogen and oxygen, of which the atmospheric fluid is constituted, (as I shall show to my interesting and most promising pupils when they arrive at a proper age to understand the stupendous mysteries of nature,) so long shall these chimneys stand to impregnate the air with vivifying fragrance, and to promote virtue, health, and happiness among mankind.'

And in truth it is not improbable that the conjecture of this acute thinker may have been correct; for there went forth from the four lungs of the portly mansion a savory breath, like the breath of a healthy ox, which it needed no chemist to tell was far more delectable than the stench of onions and cabbage which was eructated from the castle of Baron Von Krout, or the titillating vapors of the knick-knacks that were perpetually simmering in the frying-pans of the Marquis Quivretoes.

Yet our doughty lord was sometimes thrown into horrible alarm for the safety of his house. The neighbors were to a man covetous rogues, who scrupled not to increase their flocks and herds, and to replenish their strong-boxes with gold and silver coin, and chosed in action, by the same means which the Sabeans and Chaldeans adopted to gain possession of the property of the patient man of Uz. The Earl of Beef, if the truth must be told, (and in this history it *must*,) was quite as enterprising a Sabean as any of his neighbors, but was nevertheless no more willing to submit to depredation in his turn than if he had gained all his herds and long-horned oxen by the lawful modes of descent and purchase. For, as was profoundly observed by Dr. Punch: The biter delighteth not always in being bitten, nor doth a hoof propelled against the ribs always gratify him that kicketh. Therefore, whenever any of our Earl's freebooting neighbors made a descent upon his pastures, or prowled around his hen-roosts after night-fall — and in them it was altogether probable that the marauders would find some of their own kine and chantiealers — instead of acquiescing in the justice of these laudable attempts at reprisal, he would fall upon the intruders with the utmost vigor, and generally dismiss them with many woeful bruises.

When our stout peer of Bullscrown discerned indications of a meditated *coup de main* on his house, it was well worth the while of one who admires forecasting greatness to witness how discreetly he prepared for the approaching storm. First of all, he would tramp vigorously over all the house in his square-toed shoes, and with his own hand put up the defences with which the building was abundantly provided. Then having crammed his blunderbuss to the muzzle with powder and slugs in equal proportions, he put up the shutters, barred the doors, armed the servants, and carried numerous pails-full of water to the roof, and afterward assembled all the household for the performance of Divine service; for he valued himself greatly on being a religious man, and no heathen. Then hearing or imagining that he heard the marauders approaching, he would in great choler throw open an upper window and cry: 'Now, come on, you sons of —', (no matter what,) and let fly the blunderbuss.

I remember how once a dark-visaged fellow, of a damaged reputation, mustered a great crew of buccaneers, and came floating over the lake to Bullscrown on a raft, with the avowed design of cutting the throat of our estimable Earl, ravishing his wives, and seizing upon his property. One of the placards of this audacious ruffian, setting forth in detail his wicked scheme, and advertising for stock-holders or purchasers of his 'Bullscrown bonds,' having been put into the hands of our pugnacious nobleman, he broke out in a loud laugh, and with a dozen of his stoutest followers, pushed off-shore on a float made of a few sturdy beams. When Don Thumbscrew, the pirate, approached the island on which the mansion was situate, my lord, with a mighty shout, drove his own float plump into the unwieldy raft, in the manner of the ancient naval commanders, and with such dexterity, that the raft was utterly broken to pieces. Many of the scamps were drowned; others had their backs broken by blows from the setting-poles of my lord and his men. A few only managed to escape on fragments of the wreck.

For this exploit, Lord Beef gained the naval title of Shiver-timbers, which, as has been seen, was duly entered in the family Bible, and borne on the standard of the house.

It is also told how our sagacious Earl, once hearing that one of his neighbors, who had been a notorious filibuster and freebooter in his youth, had made a large battering-ram for some unknown purpose, took it into his head that the engine was designed to butt down the gates of Bullscrown, and afford entrance to the cellars and strong-boxes thereof, to a most rampant enemy of our innocent nobleman:

'Ah ha! you scoundrel!' quoth Lord John, between his teeth, 'I'll mutton your ram.'

So then he slyly crept to the garden-wall of the said gentleman neighbor, leapt over, and with an axe fell upon the mysterious engine with all his might. Nothing availed it that tough old Commodore Skagger-Rack swung the beam remorselessly against the bowels of the depredator. In a short time the engine was laid in ruins, and the Lord of Bullscrown went home vastly relieved in mind, although his body was black and blue with grievous bruises.

I do not consider it necessary to the lucid development of the historical work which I have undertaken, further to set forth in this place the power and riches of this mighty nobleman. They who would know more fully concerning his horses, hounds, estates, followers, dignities, or pedigrees, will do well to purchase, pay for, and read the *Narratio* of the tuneful clerk, Gulielmus Joannes. Therein will they find these things inventoried and appraised with the accuracy of a bill of sale, and at the same time with the poetic majesty of the *Æneid*. My own task being to trace the fortunes of a scion of this noble house, no more space or time shall be devoted to the household affairs of Bullscrown than is necessary to show how from the loins of John, Earl of Beef and Baron Strongbow, sprang a son, strong of arm, swift of foot, and clear of eye, and how he fared within the gates of his father's house.

T H E D Y I N G G I R L .

So young to die! to feel each day
The precious life-blood ebb away,
To feel the pulse grow faint and weak,
The color fade from out the cheek,
The drooping form, the languid step,
The trembling hand and blanching lip,
And know there is no balm to save,
No rest but in the deep, dark grave!
And must I die, who am so young,
With all the joys from youth that sprung
Scarce tasted, and Love's sunny hues
Just tinging life's young sky, and lose
My brightest dreams in darkest night,
When all seemed gilded o'er with light?
And now the summer's coming on,
The bleak, drear winter's come and gone,
The violet blue is peeping up,
The daisy, and the buttercup:
The air is heavy with the scent
Of perfumed flowers, and beauty's lent
To all things earthly; all is fair
That blooms on earth or swims in air.
O God! and must I, must I leave
These scenes so dear? My soul doth cleave
To every tree, to every flower
That blossoms in our Eden bower.
Yes, I must die! Death's fatal dart
Hath struck its ice-bolt to my heart;
Or love, or tenderest care is vain
To win me back to earth again.
Yet when I look upon *ye*, friends,
And think of all of earth that lends
Its joy to fill my happy cup
Full, e'en to overflowing, up,
My soul forgets that realm of bliss
That brightens thoughts of leaving this;
My soul forgets that glorious crown
Only by pain and suffering won;
Forgets the self-same path was trod
By dear ones long gone home to God.
Oh! earth recedes, and Death is dear
When thoughts of these my bosom cheer.
The goal is near, the shortening breath
Warns that I soon will sleep in death.
Raise me, dear mother, and I'll tell,
While joy and peace my bosom swell,
How, as in feebleness I lay,
Just when the night broke into day,
A heavenly vision o'er my sight
With radiant glory poured its light;
The clouds rolled backward like a scroll,
While angels, beckoning on my soul,
In pure and heavenly raiment stood
Before the holy throne of God.

And as, bewildered, still I lay,
 The sweetest music came this way.
 Such sweetness! still around me rings
 The music of those golden strings.
 It filled my soul with peace divine,
 It spoke of joys that soon are mine,
 Of griefs assuaged, those griefs that here
 Have cost full many a bitter tear.
 And now, dear mother, now I know
 They call me hence; I long to go,
 Yet grieve to leave you so alone
 To miss me in our saddened home.
 You'll miss me from my olden place,
 And as upon my pictured face
 You look, no answering smile
 You'll meet to gladden you the while;
 For soon they'll bear me from the door,
 And o'er its step I'll come no more.

S. L. C

Pleasant Memories of the Old World.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

HAMPTON COURT.

'CLOSE by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
 Where stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name,' — POPE.

It was a bright and lovely morning when we started for Hampton, by rail-way, from London. On arriving at this delightful spot, which is only twelve miles distant from the great metropolis, you are struck with the beauty of its position, and the magnificence and variety of the scenery that surrounds it. Hampton occupies a charming peninsula, which the Thames delights almost to encircle. In the distance, mighty masses of foliage fill up the landscape, on whichever side you cast your eye. In one place are plains covered with the richest verdure; in another may be discerned the stubborn grasses, intermingled with ferns and heath, where the 'wild deer love to haunt.' Well might a modern traveller exclaim rapturously, as he looked upon the unrivalled beauty of the landscape here spread out: 'That nature at Hampton built up aisles and transepts, courts and halls of her own mighty pillars, far excelling in sublimity the memorials of the magnificent Wolsey.'

But let us turn our steps toward the noble pile, which, after all, to the generality of tourists affords the greatest attraction. And when it is remembered that here it was that Wolsey lived in more than royal state; that here Elizabeth called Shakspeare to entertain her on the stage; that here the unhappy Charles first found himself a prisoner

among his subjects, and he who so rudely pushed him from his throne, in this very spot afterward led a life of suspicion and never-ceasing fear, one does not wonder at the interest excited by the mere contemplation of this venerable pile. Hampton Court too, during the reign of that royal pedant, James, was the place of meeting of that celebrated conference on faith and discipline between the divines of the Church of England, and the Puritans, in which the sign of the cross in baptism, the ring in marriage, the use of the surplice, and the bowing at the name of Jesus, were severally attacked by the one and defended by the other party.

At the Restoration, Hampton Court passed into the hands of that shrewd soldier, Monk, Duke of Albemarle, offered to him by the grateful monarch as a reward for the conspicuous part he played in that great event. But he was too politic to hold a place that he had not the revenue to support, and accepting a large sum of money in lieu of the palace, it reverted back to the crown, in whose possession it has ever since remained. We believe that since the reign of the second George, it has not been honored as the residence of the sovereign, and at this present day, many of its apartments are occupied by the widows of soldiers who have rendered some service to the State, but whose limited means compel them to accept this asylum offered to them by a grateful sovereign.

Pope has rendered Hampton Court classic ground by locating within its calm and beautiful retreats the scene of his 'Rape of the Lock.' Here, side by side with the beautiful Miss Lefell, afterward Lady Hervey, he was in the habit of wandering, and here he drew from nature the illustrations that make that poem so charming. How exquisitely does he depict the mode of killing time, in vogue with the courtiers on that day :

'HITHER the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;
In various talk the instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ?
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian-screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff and the fan supply each pause of chat,
With singing, ogling, laughing, and all that.'

But let us hasten to enter the palace, thus rendered interesting by the historic and literary associations that cluster about it. Of the five courts composing the original palace of Wolsey, only two now remain in the condition they were during the time of the celebrated Cardinal. The first or outer court is said to be precisely in the condition it was left by him, but it is by no means improved by a long line of stables and barracks, always unsightly, but never more so than when they disfigure walls hallowed by the traditions and remembrances of the past. Standing beneath the colonnade, at one end of the middle quadrangle, you have a good view of the south side of Wolsey's Hall, with the great windows. The octagonal turrets at either side the gate-way are highly characteristic of the architectural taste of the time. The medallions of Roman emperors in *terra cotta*, placed in the brick-work

of these towers, and on that of the adjoining court, are said to have been the gifts of Leo X. to the Cardinal. The oriel windows on both the gate-ways of this court, adorned with the escutcheons of Henry VIII., have great richness, and are most exquisite in their proportions. You enter the building through the above-mentioned colonnade, and pass up what is called 'The King's Stair-case,' into the grand chamber. The ceiling of this stair-case was painted by Verrio, the subject a mythological one, with supposed allusions to the marriage of the Thames and the Isis. Upon the ceiling also may be observed Jupiter and Juno, seated upon a rich throne, with Ganymede riding upon Jupiter's eagle, and presenting him with the cup. Juno's peacock is in the front, and one of the fatal sisters is waiting, scissors in hand, ready to cut the thread of life by the orders of Jove. This pictorial nonsense, it is said, conceals a courtier's compliments to royalty: the peacock being an emblem of the grandeur of William and Mary; the destiny denotes their influence over their subjects; while zephyrs represent their mild and courteous disposition toward them. This is indeed flattery laid on with paint, and both so very thick.

From the landing of this grand stair-case you pass through the guard-room, and on through room after room, filled from the ceiling to the floor with a great collection of paintings, good, bad, and indifferent.

In the room called 'Her Majesty's Gallery,' may be seen portraits of Queen Elizabeth, taken from life, in infancy, girlhood, and old age, all by Holbein. There is the faintest blush of beauty on the baby-cheek of the future Queen, gone, entirely gone in the face of the young girl of sixteen, who stands before you at full length, with attenuated features and a neck disgustingly thin. But what shall I say of the concentration of ugliness that looks down upon you from the portrait of the queen in her more mature years? Hair of the brightest brick-dust hue, a face over which the plough-share of Time has passed with a sub-soil pressure, and an expression frightfully horrid; and yet this hideous hag had the vanity to have herself painted in an allegorical picture, in which Venus is represented as hiding her eyes from the dazzle of her beauty, and Juno retiring from the vain and useless competition. There are also several portraits of Henry VIII. in this chamber, taken at different periods of his life, but all revealing in the face the base soul that lurked within; the sensualist glares out at you from those tell-tale eyes. A portrait of the Earl of Surrey, also in the same chamber, possesses considerable interest. It represents a curious illustration of the costume 'of the gay and gallant' at the court of Henry VIII. It is a full-length, dressed entirely in scarlet. The character of the Earl of Surrey reflects splendor even on the name of Howard. With the true spirit and dignity of an English nobleman, and with a personal courage almost romantic, he united a politeness and urbanity at that time almost peculiar to himself. Near the portrait of Surrey may be noticed that of Will Somers, the celebrated jester, who is reported to have said so many severe and truthful things to his lustful master. This extraordinary buffoon is portrayed behind a glazed lattice, tapping the glass with his knuckles, seemingly to arrest the passenger, that he may play

off some sallies of his wit. His countenance is replete with that expression of peculiar humor which speaks a volume upon the character of such whimsical retainers of the court. In 'The Prince of Wales' Bed-Room,' there is a full-length of Mary Queen of Scots, by Zuccherò, taken at the age of thirty-eight — a sweet, melancholy face, such as would haunt one in his dreams. She is dressed in full mourning, her left hand resting on a table, upon which is placed a breviary, the right hand holding a rosary. A most interesting picture by Holbein is in the 'Queen's Audience Chamber,' being a portrait-group representing Henry VIII. and family. The King sits on his chair of state under a rich canopy, with Queen Jane Seymour; his son Prince Edward on his right; Princesses Mary and Elizabeth are standing by. The scene is an open colonnade. Will Somers, the jester, with a monkey on his shoulder, is on the right; the wife of Somers appears through the open door on the left. A very interesting portrait of Margaret, Countess of Lennox, may be also noticed near this last picture, also by Holbein. This illustrious lady was united to the royal families of England and Scotland by the ties of a multiplied relationship. I remembered the inscription upon her tomb in Westminster Abbey, setting forth that she had to her great-grandfather, King Edward IV.; to her grandfather, King Henry VII.; to her brother, James V. of Scotland; to her son, King Henry I. of Scotland; to her grand-child, King James VI., afterward James I. of England. There is a right royal mien about the portrait of this illustrious lady worthy the race, whose blood coursed so richly through her veins. But I took more interest in looking at the picture as the portrait of the mother of Darnley, and thought I could discern in the sweet expression of the countenance the original of that effeminate beauty which in Darnley so captivated the too susceptible heart of Mary.

As a climax to picture-viewing at Hampton Court, it is well to enter last the Picture-Gallery erected by Sir Christopher Wren, to contain the cartoons of Raphael, which by themselves would form sufficient attraction to draw the sight-seeing tourist to Hampton Court. These drawings were designed by Raphael about the year 1520, by the order of that most munificent of the Popes, Leo X. They were sent afterward to the famous manufactory at Arras, in Flanders, to be copied in tapestry, two sets of which were ordered; one set of these tapestry copies I had the pleasure afterward of seeing in the Vatican at Rome, but so faded that the general effect of the coloring is destroyed. The other set was presented to Henry VIII. After the death of Charles I., they underwent several mutations of fortune, first taken into Spain, then brought back again by a British consul, and exhibited as late as 1833 at the Haymarket, London. After that exhibition, they passed into the hands of some princely German, who took them with him to his native town, where they are now said to decorate the dining-hall of his elegant mansion. The cartoons, the originals from which the tapestries were copied, met with a no less adventurous fate. They were originally purchased in Flanders by Rubens for King Charles I., at Buckingham's recommendation. At the dispersion and sale of the royal collection, after the death of the King, they were purchased for three hundred

pounds by Cromwell. In the reign of Charles II., they were for a long time consigned to neglect in the lumber-rooms of Windsor. King William III. found them there, had them carefully cleaned and restored, and finally George III. ordered the present gallery to be erected, where they have since remained, the admiration of artists, and of all who have any appreciation of art.

These cartoons display not only great dignity and grandeur of form, and an intelligent and harmonious arrangement of groups, but great depth and power of thought, and a most surprising dramatic development of each event they represent. Hazlitt has well said of them :

‘ Compared with the cartoons, all other pictures look like oil and varnish : we are stopped and attracted by the coloring, the pencilling, the finishing, the instrumentalities of art ; but here the painter seems to have flung his mind upon the canvas. His thoughts, his great ideas alone prevail ; there is nothing between us and the subject ; we look through a frame and see Scripture histories, and are made actual spectators in miraculous events.’

The fine engravings we have of these cartoons have rendered their merits known to the civilized world. Never was a greater eulogy passed upon a painter’s power and skill than that by Garrick, when he attempted by a personation to improve upon the figure and position of Raphael’s ‘ Elymas the Sorcerer,’ in the cartoon of that name. A select party, among whom was our American painter, West, and Mr. Garrick, visited, by invitation, the Earl of Exeter at Burleigh House. After dinner, the conversation turned on Garrick’s beautiful villa at Hampton, then on the neighboring palace. As an obvious subject, the cartoons were noticed, when Garrick, turning to West, said : ‘ These cartoons are spoken of as the first works of art in the world, yet I have often passed through the gallery in a hurried manner without being much impressed with them.’ West expressed his surprise, and replied : ‘ That the superior excellencies of these pictures can only be discovered and appreciated by study ; but that such a man as Garrick should not be struck with them was quite extraordinary.’ Mr. Garrick asked : ‘ What figure was calculated to produce such an effect ?’ ‘ Several,’ was the answer ; and ‘ Elymas the Sorcerer ’ was particularly instanced. ‘ Ah !’ replied Garrick, ‘ I was struck with that figure, but did not think it quite in character. This man was an attendant at the court of a Roman Governor, and could have been no vulgar fellow, yet he stands with his feet straight forward like a clown. Why did not Raphael make him, in his distress, extend his arms like a gentleman, while seeking assistance ?’ The company, highly interested in the conversation, united in requesting the favor of Mr. Garrick to personate the Sorcerer as he would on the stage, adding the compliment that he was always led by the strong feelings of his mind into such perfect expression of look and propriety of attitude, suitable to the character he represented, that the theatre and the actor were forgotten in the impression of reality with which he governed his audience. He consented, closed his eyes, and by the time he was in the middle of the room, appeared the exact counterpart of Raphael’s design. Mr. West softly approached him, and desired him not to alter his position, but suddenly to open his

eyes. The actor did so, and exclaimed at once : ' I am Raphael's Elymas ! I am Raphael's Elymas ! ' to the great delight of Lord Exeter and his guests. ' I perceive,' he added, in reply to a banter of Mr. West's about the elegance of attitude, ' that a man deprived of sight will not present the foot incautiously to obstacles, or think of a graceful extension of the arms. Fingers and toes will, like feelers of an insect, be advanced for discovery and protection.' This was certainly a high and remarkable tribute to the accuracy with which the noblest painter that has ever lived delineated nature, and that too from the greatest actor the world has ever produced.

One of the most beautiful chambers at Hampton Court is undoubtedly what is known as the ' Great Gothic Hall,' designed by Cardinal Wolsey, and completed after the great churchman's disgrace, by Henry VIII., when Anne Boleyn was in the height of her favor. The roof is very elaborately carved, and richly decorated with the arms and badges of Henry VIII. Entering beneath the Musician's Gallery, a blaze of light, gold, and glitter attract the eye ; and yet, according to the promptings of strict taste, it might be suggested that the decorations are somewhat too showy, and the colors of the banners suspended from the ceiling rather tawdry than otherwise. The proportions of this fine apartment are perfect — one hundred and six feet in length and forty in breadth. The sides are lighted by seven lofty, well-proportioned windows, placed at a considerable distance from the floor, while the walls between the windows are hung with ancient faded tapestry, representing the stories of Abraham and of Tobit. This hall has some historic interest, as it is said to have been the scene where the youthful Shakspeare appeared before Queen Elizabeth, an actor in one of his own plays. It is well known that it was used as a theatre during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

Around this hall are stags'-heads carved in wood, with very fine antlers of the red-deer and the elk, above which are banners displaying the arms and badges of Wolsey, and the different offices he held under the crown.

It is delightful, after wandering from room to room, filled with fine paintings, or interesting from their associations, in such a palace as Hampton, to pass out from the exhausting work, to refresh one's self beneath the shady yew-trees of the Park, or inhale the limpid air, pregnant with a thousand odors, which blows cool over the beautiful gardens. Nothing that you have gazed upon within can compare with the pictures that are without. Nature is now allowed in the grounds about Hampton Court to dress after her own fashion. Formerly, the formal style of the Dutch school prevailed. From the terrace parallel to the Thames there is a most delightful prospect of the river and the verdant meads on the opposite side. One could almost fancy, looking out upon this water-view, that Pope's Belinda is again seated beneath the rich awning of her gilded barge, in conscious beauty :

——— ' The painted vessel glides
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides ;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds upon the waters die ;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
BELINDA smiled and all the world was gay.'

T H E L I T T L E G A R D E N .

I.

WELL I know a little garden
 Circled in by ruby walls,
 Having for its high-born tenant
 Primal heir of Aïdenn halls;
 And it waiteth for the sun-shine,
 Waiteth for the dew and rain,
 That it may be green and fruitful,
 And reward the laborer's pain.

II.

Filling up its secret fountain —
 Crystal mirror of its worth —
 Till it overflows with blessings
 For the supplicating earth.
 And it waiteth all the spring-time
 For the good seed to be sown,
 Hidden germ of future harvests,
 For an unseen garner grown.

III.

Yet without a constant watching,
 And the tenant's earnest care,
 Weeds will spring and blight his prospects,
 Poisoning all the garden air,
 Till the Eden-tinted blossoms
 That might grow in beauty there,
 Find no place to gather greenness,
 And put up their incense-prayer.

IV.

And the streams that go to water,
 Lands beyond the garden-walls,
 Grow unclean and cease to gladden
 Where their willing offering falls;
 Till we wait in vain for blessings,
 Wait in vain for fruits and flowers,
 Sad to see so fair a garden
 Thorn-grown in a world like ours.

V.

Pilgrim, to the unknown hastening,
 Made almost an angel here,
 Thou hast such a little garden,
 And the harvest draweth near!
 Give it, then, thy constant labor,
 Stock thy HEART with Heaven's own flowers,
 That it bear thee fruits of Eden
 In a better world than ours.

LILLIAN.

T H E H U D S O N R I V E R .

WHILE the surrounding mountains are shading the river that ripples at their feet, the opposite hills are studded with villas, smiling with a coming harvest, and clothed with variously-tinted foliage. The river is glistening in an early summer sun, while the loitering schooner and graceful sloop are slowly overcoming an opposing tide by the aid of 'the sweet south' breathing gently over the surface of this beautiful estuary. The panoramic displays of the river are, if possible, surpassed by those of the atmosphere. The lights and shades of the surrounding heights, formed by the alternately thickening and dissolving mists; the more dense creations in the higher atmosphere, and the occasional sunshine breaking through all, form a whole that cannot be surpassed, even in our favored land. There is no river-scenery in the country to be compared with it. The Juniata is beautiful, but, wanting in the accessories of commerce, is comparatively lifeless and inanimate; while the Upper Mississippi, with its many low-wooded islands and tall bluffs, although possessing great natural beauty, is still unaided by art, and will always be inferior to our own beautiful Hudson. Villages, it is true, are rapidly springing up on its shores, and while the scenery at Rock-Island, the broad expanse of water at Lake Pepin, the junctions of its tributaries, St. Croix and St. Peter's, and the Falls of St. Anthony, are all exquisite when individually regarded, the combination of the whole would not possess the great natural beauty of the passage of the Highlands.

I am now located on the banks of the Hudson, a denizen of an admirable hotel, with old Fort Putnam frowning from the western heights, and the most cultivated portions of the Highlands immediately in view from my open window. Within short distances are the homes of the gifted Wier; of our best lyric poet; and of that successful authoress who has superadded a European to her American celebrity.

But while I write, I am interrupted by a sound that resembles distant thunder, and is reverberated from the mountains. It now startles the ear, and is now indistinct, and now bursts forth with redoubled noise, while a train of cars rapidly emerges from the gorge on the opposite side of the river. The locomotive sends forth sparks of fire like the fabled dragon slain by the infamous * George of Cappadocia, the tutelary saint of England; the shrill whistle proclaims the advent of the traveller to a neighboring station, while the long pennant of smoke trails slowly behind, befouling the heavens, until its grosser materials are separated and commingled with the purer element.

Such sights and sounds were unknown on the virgin banks of the river in the time of good Hendrick Hudson, whose marvellous adventures have been so graphically described by one whose modest residence on the eastern shore of the same stream puts the creations of vulgar opu-

* GIBBON'S Roman Empire.

lence to the blush. Hudson slowly wended his way up the unknown waters, startled into admiration by the prodigal display of natural beauty. Each fairy cove, or half-hidden meadow, or jutting promontory must have pleased his fancy, if there was any fanciful ingredient in the composition of the adventurous skipper. As he progressed with proverbial national prudence and courage, he was surrounded by the wondering natives, in all their simple finery of feathers and shells, the tributes of the air and the water to the savage children of nature; and as he proceeded on his course, he doubtless considered each apparent lake formed by the circuities of the river, the terminus of his voyage. He never dreamed of the marvels germinating in the prolific womb of the wonderful future.

And years afterward, during the Dutch rule, when Fort Orange existed in its primitive simplicity; or later, when some needy scion of nobility or fractured adventurer was sent out from the mother-country to misgovern the infant colony; or later still, when the oppressed colonists had shaken off the chains of servitude, the broad sloop, with her white sails, slowly navigated the winding river; now sailing in the shadow of the palisadoes, now boldly adventuring across the Tappaän-Sea, doubling Verplanck's far-reaching point, winding through the Highlands, passing the Catskills in the distance, or floating slowly over the shallows of the Overslaugh. A voyage then frequently consumed more time than is now required for a passage to Europe; for the cautious navigators of those days anchored in the face of an adverse wind, and frequently waited for the change of an opposing tide. Tacking and jibing were terms unknown to their nautical vocabulary; and, as they were honest and straight-forward people, they made as much of a bee-line for their destined harbor as the sinuosities of the stream permitted. When the breeze freshened, a reef was taken in; while the portentous black cloud that threatened a squall, summoned all hands to lower sail. In pleasant weather, too, when there was no favoring wind to help them along, they anchored quietly by some shady beach when the roomy yawl conveyed the passengers to the land. Here the hospitable door of the early settler was ever open to them, unsuspecting of river-thieves and other 'vagrom men.' They purchased the produce of the dairy and farm for refreshment and comfort on their long voyage; or, separating into merry parties, they wandered along the shore, or penetrated the fastnesses of the neighboring wood, shaking the hickory or chestnut from the tree, or gathering the blushing strawberry from its humble bed. Or they may have entertained the good people of the house with the latest news from the great city; or, under the shade of some wide-spreading sycamore, they spoke of their homes and their friends, of their hopes and their fears, and made love and made jests, as men have done and will do, from the great overflow of water to the ignition of all things. There were many groups which might have reminded the Florentine of that pleasant party who, in cool shades, and inhaling the perfume of flowers, beguiled the time with their immortal narratives, while the angel was emptying the contents of his vial upon their devoted city. A passage on the Hudson in those days was a serious undertaking; for it extended from the Vlie Market slip to the dock at Albany.

Crowds gathered on the wharf to say their last farewells to the daring adventurers ; and hands were shaken, and prayers uttered, as the rope was thrown on the deck and the vessel slowly moved into the stream. It has even been said that the more prudent of our fore-fathers frequently made their wills before undertaking this wild adventure. But the craft that conveyed them rarely or never met with accidents, and it has often been asserted that one of the first vessels that visited the waters of China from this country was one of these identical Albany sloops, which, as the legend tells, was mistaken for a boat of one of the larger merchant-ships.

At that point of land, terminated by a half-sunken wharf, the first steam-boat was launched. It was built by Fulton and his associate, Chancellor Livingston, and was the first wind-defier and tide-compeller that floated on our beautiful river. The revolution in river navigation soon became complete. The cabin of the sloop was robbed of its tenants ; the horse-boat, which had superseded the tub-like scow, with its heavy lugger-sail, was in its turn displaced by the steam ferry-boat ; while the pettauger, with its centre or side-boards, and without jib or bowsprit, sailing as gracefully as a gull from the quarantine to Whitehall, or groping through the Kills to Richmond or Newark, almost disappeared on the approach of its more speedy rival. The ark, the broad-horn, and the flat-boat have almost vanished from our inland rivers ; and at a later period, when the philosopher, Lardner, proved conclusively in his closet the impossibility of crossing the Atlantic by steam, the *Sirius* and *Great-Western* passed from Liverpool to the harbor of New-York. At the present day, the atmospheres of the Atlantic and Pacific, of the Mediterranean Seas of the East and the West are blackened by the smoke of the steamers. The people of all nations have been much benefited, commerce greatly increased, and civilization advanced by this application of steam to the purposes of navigation ; but where is the stone that proclaims the resting-place of the public benefactor ? Foreign adventurers have been followed by gaping crowds, accumulators of great wealth have been almost canonized, and mere soldiers have received the highest public honors, while the benefactors who have left valuable legacies to their country have either been totally neglected while living, or knaves and fools have quarreled over their graves, denying their merits and contending for their honors. Of such men may we truly say, by simply altering one word in the lines of the poet :

‘ASSAILED by scandal and the tongue of strife,
Their only answer is a *useful* life.

And it is pleasing to reflect that when their memories are honored by posterity, their detractors will be consigned to a merited oblivion ; or, if remembered at all, it will only be from connection with the illustrious objects of their scandal — the *Stephen Ducks*, and *Settles*, and *Shadwells* of future times.

The *Car of Neptune*, and *Paragon*, were among the first boats on the river, and actually made the voyage within the twenty-four hours. In those days *Commodore Wiswall* and *Captain Bartholomew* were the largest *Shanghai*s on the *Hudson*. Their word was law, and none dis-

puted their edicts. The Governor has been known to throw away his segar when informed that he was smoking on the wrong part of the deck; and in those days a governor *was* a governor, and respectable birth and good education were not serious impediments to his political advancement. The authority of the captains was recognized to such an extent, that when a troublesome fellow annoyed the passengers, and was set ashore at night on a rock in the Highlands, the jury refused to compensate him with damages, and the public approved of their verdict. The price of a passage from New-York to Albany varied from six to eight dollars, which was not considered exorbitant. Nor did the worthy commanders condescend to stop at all the landings on the river, but the passengers were put ashore or taken aboard in the small boat, attached to a rope and dragged after the steamer, which continued her course at a moderated speed. Legislative enactment soon terminated this dangerous practice, much to the offence of the gallant captains, while the patriotic owners regarded the law as dangerous to the rights of property, if not to the liberties of the country. But this was in the days of the great steam-boat monopoly, which was struck down by the Supreme Court of the United States. It was then that the pioneer boats were speedily displaced by others more skilfully constructed, and with improved machinery. And with improvement came competition, and with competition, trials of speed; and the Hudson was a magnificent race-course. The 'Ohio' and 'De Witt Clinton' raced side by side, the piles of wood rapidly diminishing in size, the firemen perspiring at every pore, and the engineer straining the boiler to its utmost endurance of pressure. Leaving New-York at five P.M., you approached Newburgh after dark, and your coming was heralded by the firing of cannon and the shouts of an acclaiming mob. For in those days each boat had its partisans, who demonstrated their joy on the success of their favorite. There was hardly a city or a village, a mansion or a cottage on the river, that did not more or less participate in the interest of this struggle. Hats and money were lost and won, and much liquor absorbed on these interesting occasions. There was no *ism* then on the Hudson but steam-boat-*ism*. In those days, too, our river bore upon her heaving breast the twin 'Lady Barges,' gallantly escorted by the 'Commerce,' like some village beau with a smiling beauty hanging on each arm. This mode of conveyance, was slow, it is true, but as luxurious as the most dainty Sybarite could have desired.

But it was in winter that the value of the steam-boat was best understood. The land journey was fatiguing and hazardous; the roads, compounded of slush and mud, of ruts and holes, were so many sloughs of despond, and it was a weary and dreary travel from New-York to Albany. It was then that the immaculate lobby-member or disinterested office-seeker worked hard for his reward. The trees that bore the golden pippins were difficult of approach. Packed with eight other misera- bles in a post-coach, whose motion was suggestive of sea-sickness and indicative of fractured limbs, he toiled his weary way from the pavements of New-York, along the borders of Westchester, over the now forgotten roads of the Highlands, climbing the hills of Dutchess, or mired in the clay turnpikes of Columbia or Rensselaer. He arrived at

Albany, travel-soiled and weary, attenuated by bad fare, and sleepless from acquaintance with animated beds. But lobby-members and office-hunters were numerous then as now; and it is traditionary that on the occasion of a political revolution the throng of applicants was so great as to break down the stoop or piazza of the Albany Eagle Tavern, where two of the members of the new council of appointment resided.

But the scene changes. Bad roads are avoided, and steam-boats are 'assisted' by other vehicles of travel along our favorite river. Spring and autumn, winter and summer, indifferent to sun-shine and careless of storms, the locomotive sounds his whistle along the Hudson, darting through the tunnels and shooting over the bridges, emulating the flight of the bird, almost annihilating time and space, and making many lovers happy. Even while I write, a train is flashing along, bearing the merry and sad, the reluctant and willing, to their respective destinations. It is impossible to conceive a greater revolution than has thus been effected in the convenience and speed of travel, by combined science and skill; and when the comparative cheapness is taken into consideration, it will be admitted that few greater boons could have been conferred upon our restless and migratory people. The rail-road car is the true republican carriage, accessible to all on equal terms and with equal privileges. The master and servant, the employer and clerk, the millionaire and laborer, the highest officer of the government and the humblest voter in the land, are here placed on an equal footing; and here, perhaps, in the whole length and breadth of this great republic, is the only place where social equality is perfectly understood.

It approaches to caricature when my eye dwells upon the strange contrast that is now presented to view. I have before me a rail-road train whose speed almost realizes the story of the magic carpet in the 'Arabian Nights'; a steam-boat making rapid progress against the wind and tide; an eastern schooner slowly beating up the river; an Albany sloop that, in sheer disgust, is quietly dropping her anchor, and a raft imperceptibly moving with the current. This latter is a most apt representative of old-fogysm; while the former may symbolize Young America in one of his fastest moods. And here comes a steamer with some dozens of vessels in tow, puffing and blowing, but still going ahead, like our own good mother republic, in spite of all the political empirics and speculative tinkers who hang upon her skirts.

Such is the Hudson at the present, and such was the Hudson in the days that have gone for ever. Improvement has succeeded improvement, invention has given birth to invention, and we seem now to have reached that point beyond which human ingenuity cannot go. But who will aver that we have accomplished the highest attainment when he remembers the past? 'You might as well try to light London with a piece cut from the moon as with gas,' said Sir Humphrey Davy. When Fulton's boat first started from the wharf, 'There goes that madman!' exclaimed the learned Thebans of the day. 'What nonsense to try to make water run up-hill!' was the observation of a sapient legislator from the city of New-York, when Clinton was pressing the construction of the Erie Canal. And 'Morse may know something of painting, but he is a fool when he talks of

sending messages by electricity,' was observed by many unbelievers at a recent period. But, in spite of this almost universal pyrrhonism that attends the announcement of all new discoveries, invention and improvement have not discontinued their research nor exhausted their ingenuity. As the sloop has given way to the steam-boat and the steam-boat to the locomotive, so at some future day the latter may yield the palm to some more wonderful invention. But whether we are borne along in the commodious steamer, or drawn by the panting locomotive, or carried through the fields of air by some future creation, we are happy to know that all conduce to the good of our race and the advancement of our country. With the printing-press as the dispenser of intelligence and guardian of liberty, the telegraph 'girdling the earth' for her alimment, and the iron-horse distributing her lessons, there is nothing to furnish hope to the enemy of popular liberty. It will be as perpetual as the flow of our own bright river; and as his waters contribute to sweeten the waves of the ocean, republican sympathies will gradually but surely intermingle with the pulsations of the European heart.

Corzons' Hotel, June, 1855.

E. G.

S T A N Z A S .

BY E. W. ROCKWELL.

I HAVE one wish, and only one:
That when life's weary race is run,
Some angel may be standing by
To bear my spirit to the sky:
In some sweet planet to unfold
Scenes by the tongue of seer untold,
Where I may make a home for thee,
When thou at last shalt follow me.

No other boon than this I ask:
Life is at best a thankless task;
Nor vain is it that I would crave
A little rest beyond the grave.
There would I live some song to frame
Wherewith to consecrate thy name,
And build a bower of peace for thee,
When thou at last shalt follow me.

Love linked with love, and heart with heart,
At DEATH'S cold touch must surely part;
Yet with the good we leave behind
That which doth sorest try the mind,
To seek the Soul's eternal youth,
Where naught comes near to break its truth:
Be this our fate, and not in vain
Shall life and love be ours again.

Utica, Aug., 1855.

B U R I E D T R E A S U R E .

BY CHARLES M. DENIS.

ALL glorious in the summer-time,
I met a maiden in her prime,
And my young heart broke forth in rhyme.

With beauty she was all aflush;
I strove my foolish heart to hush;
In vain — the melody *would* gush.

Her soft blue eyes had kindly gazed
Into mine own — a love-fire blazed
Upon Life's altar: I grew dazed.

And o'er my wayward nature stole
A soft, mysterious control,
While flower-like thoughts bloomed in my soul.

One eve I held her hand in mine;
She trembled like a fragile vine
When wind-kissed, and she said, 'I am thine!'

Dear Heaven! these words were very sweet
To me: with all my soul, I weet,
I loved the ground touched by her feet!

Those bright-winged love-hours, how they flew!
The happiest they that e'er I knew,
Though life to me as yet was new.

When Autumn's hand had with the flowers
Played till they'd wilted; when cold showers
Sobbed plaintively through dismal hours:

The angel Death pressed on her cheek
A kiss: on JESUS' bosom meek
She bowed her head: oh! *words* are weak!

Her music-voice for aye was hushed,
A bright joy in my soul was crushed,
And a great darkness therein rushed.

Gold plumes have silvered in Time's wing
Since died the loved one whom I sing,
But to her memory I cling.

And when the stars sole vigil keep,
I sometimes go and child-like weep
Upon the spot where she doth sleep.

Ah! the dark shadow in my heart,
That o'er its sunniest moods doth start,
Will never, nevermore depart!

Memphis, Aug., 1855.

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER NINTH

‘It looks, Sir, as if we were to have some warm work!’ A smile played over the face of Sergeant Lynedoch Muir as he spoke; then, as he glanced side-long at his right arm in a sling, he seemed a little fearful lest he might be debarred the felicity of joining in the assault.

‘Aye, you may well say that,’ was the return, as my field-telescope discovered the minutest objects of attack. ‘You’ll have a chance of rubbing off some of the rust that has gathered since you were carried into the granary at Churubusco. But then that wound——’

‘The merest trifle in the world; beside, my left arm is as strong as ever, and can swing a sabre or handle a pistol with the stoutest. It will be one of the prettiest affairs of the season,’ he soliloquized.

The skill of a notable prophet was not necessary to foretell that much. The splendor of the unveiled sun, as it over-leaped the rocky mountain-rampart, like a steed rejoicing to run its course, illumined a beautiful valley in activity, and gilded huge wreaths of smoke, then ascending from our batteries in full blast. The latter circumstance was by no means novel just about that period; for the same war-dogs had been barking for fourteen hours on the preceding day, so as to sustain a projectile in the air the while. The guns were so carefully trained that each shot told upon some mark. Whether the mark were the cupola, windows, walls, or the automaton-like figures which gazed from them with all the indifference of confirmed fatalists, all alike confessed the accuracy of aim, and not unfrequently bowed in homage to the same; nor did the enemy fail to reciprocate the assiduous attentions showered upon him by new acquaintances, but returned the compliment in a manner that was at once lively as refreshing.

We were then much nearer the metropolis than at any preceding time, and the prospect of soon reaching the *ultima thule* of our enterprise was as exhilarating to ourselves as annoying to the repellants.

Glorious AZTEC VENICE! how invitingly she reposed in all her queenly magnificence upon the bosom of the glistening waters. The dazzling white marble palaces, and the stuccoed walls—like those which the over-anxious eyes of the *conquistadores* took for burnished silver—and spires and domes rose majestically from the water and green fields on which their bases seemed to rest. The several causeways leading to the city favored the idea that she still sat throned upon a number of islands unconnected with the main-land save by them; yet the ground had become firm and stable since the waters of the lagoon had been furrowed into waves by the prows of the brigantines, the handiwork of Martin Lopez and his *confrères*; and the enchanting isles no longer floated as when the vessels spread their snowy wings to the breeze and sped past the gondola-like canoes of the natives. The

castle of Chapultepec, like a faithful watch-dog, guarded the entrances to the city of our hopes. Was it a wonder, then, that our longing to possess that fortification increased in proportion as the struggle to retain it became more desperate and intensified? The fiat had gone forth; it was to fall.

From the renewed vigor with which the artillery was plied, and the satisfied air of the knowing ones of the General's staff, as they inspected the grounds and the men who were to occupy them, it was manifest that something was to be done, and that soon. All resource was cut off; and had there been any disposition on our part, there was no chance to retreat. Before our shadows had perceptibly shortened, the signal-note was given. The attack was made on different sides, but I will confine myself to one or two. The column of assault opened the ball with a grand gallopade across the marshy meadow-grounds and cactus-planted fields. Avant-couriers hurtled over-head as an intimation to the opposite side to prepare for visitors. Then every body saw the expediency of an accelerated pace; nor did any one show a disposition to let the grass grow beneath his feet, when a few raking discharges playfully knocked over a score of officers and men.

My friend Captain Van Olinda then fell. He had been so debilitated for a number of days that his recovery was doubtful; but when he found that there was to be an engagement he resolutely forsook his bed and sought the head of his company. The surgeons remonstrated, and the commander of the regiment threatened to place him under arrest for disobedience of orders; but all was of no avail. The temptation was too strong. He requested his brother-officers to see to his family at home, for he felt a powerful presentiment that with the battle he was to cease for this world. Was it a coincidence? Some said it was. The victim plainly foresaw his fate, but could not avert it. A mere random shot from a great distance singled him from among his fellows, penetrated his forehead, and he was instantly no more. His commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Baxter, immediately received a mortal wound while heroically leading his regiment.

Nothing daunted by such a reception, the columns boldly advanced; and at that time were thrown out what the enemy, in a grandiloquent report, was pleased to call, 'a cloud of skirmishers upon either flank.' The advancing was much more agreeable than loitering in the vicinity of a battery, as the artillery-men were constrained to do; and although they returned with interest the loans made to them, still each moment some one of the poor fellows paid the forfeit of having too long legs, and lost his head by a shot over the parapet of the works. 'What music!' exclaimed a soldier, whose face, begrimed with powder, showed that he had been at the big guns. Ancient philosophic worthies would have us believe that the 'music of the spheres' is caused by the smoothness and solidity of their circles, which, as they rub and touch each other, evolve delightful harmony, the changes and cadences of which in their turn compel the evolutions and dances of the stars. We had practical illustration of the truth of the doctrine to some extent, except as to the music part. The idea of a solid, smooth sphere coming in con-

tact with one's head drove away all disposition to argue the question. Talk of the music of the spheres compelling the evolutions and dances of the stars! If they were more rapid than those of our fellows, they must have moved rapidly indeed. As to the character of the music, the selection thereof in the present instance was not such as would suit an acutely chromatic ear. The grape-and-canister whistled their shrillest; the bright tubes in the grenadiers' hands rolled in their trilling volleys; and, with the diapason's swell, the heavy guns contributed a deafening sub-base to the chorus. Shock answered shock, steel rang upon steel like cymbals, and every peal emulated its predecessor in loudness of tone. Each moment the combatants became the plentier under foot, and the work went bravely on. There were the case-hardened men who rallied under the Excelsior banner, vieing with the chivalry of the Palmetto State; while the noble New-Englanders, the Ninth, contested the palm with the sons of the Keystone. But it were improper to particularize when all so manfully asserted their claim to a more than honorable mention. What could be more natural? The eyes in which many of the bold warriors first learned love were strained from afar to watch the colors beneath which their gallants fought. Donna Maria perhaps sighed when our meteor-flag soared upward, for her husband was there; but the Señoritas Guadalupe and Lucia were unpatriotic enough to be the less sorry for their country's imminent danger, when their northern beaux would be the gainers thereby.

The ditches were reached and crossed; how, no body knows nor cares; but many do still have a lively recollection that the long thorns of the cactus were almost as formidable as the bayonets beyond. The walls were scaled in some places, and entered through apertures in others; and the crows and picks finished the business so roughly begun by shell and round-shot. The novitiate of acquaintance passed, intimacies were formed which lasted for life. Solon has said that no one can be deemed happy until dead. Assuming that to be correct, and such a respectable old gentleman is certainly good authority, then each man on his side of the fence was exerting himself to the utmost to anticipate the bliss of the stranger before him.

Before that, however, the forlorn hope under the leadership of Casey and our old friend Twiggs, major of marines, had marched up the road leading to the castle-gate. They stepped off at the *pas de charge*, and met not only a warm, but an intensely hot reception, that nearly smothered them all. The Major was instantly killed. He fell not alone, nor unavenged. The detachment had been thrown out ostensibly to carry one of the works, and really did draw much attention from the main body of our force. It was a striking illustration of the familiar fable of the monkey and the cat. Jocko could afford to singe Grimalkin's paw in raking the roasted chestnuts from the hot embers. The stormers had need to have been asbestos-skinned to escape scorching from the fire that blazed in their faces. But let us return to the main body.

In doing so we must pass an interesting group by the road-side, although separated from it by a ditch. There stands a well-built, manly form, with no superfluous flesh to clog his muscles. His dress bears the

designation of a major-general. As he coolly smokes a segar he, from under a crescent-shaped green eye-shade, scans the movements of his command, and gives his few brief orders as gently as if he were superintending a militia-muster or a sham-fight of the Shanghais. He thinks not of danger; for his soul, charmed with war's rude minstrelsy, is actively engaged at the hardest-fought points. It is Quitman. He was not always thus gentle and calm. During the battle of Churubusco he was stationed at San-Augustine, miles from the reddened field, and his post was considered to be the post of honor, as it was expected that the enemy would attack the place; but he saw with much chagrin that the desperate foe had his hands full without anything more to do; and when he stood upon a roof, and with a strong spy-glass brought the scene before him, he could not restrain himself, but tore out handfuls of his whitened beard—so it is said. By his side, and talking to him, stands another who has also dismounted. A *sombrero* protects his head from the sun; his coat is doffed, and his left shirt-sleeve is crimsoned up to the shoulder. A gun-shot has torn through half the length of the arm. He declines to quit the ground; for, like the one beside him, his mind is absorbed in the fray. A black moustache bespeaks him the junior in years, as he is in rank, of the other, whose moustache has turned an unequivocal gray. The keen quick glances that shoot from his eyes betray a restless spirit; and an expression of anger, a malison, escapes him as his attention is called to a spot hard by. The orderly, to whom his favorite charger was intrusted a half-hour since, has forgotten his instructions, and, by careless exposure the beautiful animal lies bleeding. The horse gives a piercing token of recognition of his master's voice, and rolls on the ground in agony. It is Brigadier-General Shields.

After getting over a moat eight yards in width and three in depth, the contest became so engrossing that the pioneers and ladder-men, throwing down what they then deemed to be ignoble implements of toil, seized weapons and joined in more congenial exercises than breaking mortar and stone. The place was already penetrated and entered in many points. Scathing fires darted from the azoteas and windows, and flew from every wall and work beside, but were insufficient to more than stagger the assailants, as with an inspiring cheer they bounded onward and upward. There was quite an uproar.

'They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lances thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air:
Oh! life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair!'

From the woods on the south side our voltigeurs became the more harassing because concealed; their incessantly-cracking rifles telling so well that the least exposure was sure of drawing their instantaneous and marked attention. The endeavor to unman the guns in the bat-

teries for a time seemed futile ; for all vacancies were promptly filled, and they continued to breathe forth death like destroying angels, sparing neither tree, nor flower, nor flesh. Then every rock, shrub, or maguay-plant served as shelter for the active sharp-shooters of our side, who in their turn covered the progress of those ascending the acclivities. Each point of consequence gained drew forth renewed cheers from the successful party. The resistance was so fierce and determined as for a while to keep the scales equipoised, although our ultimate success was not for a moment doubted by the northern invaders. Sometimes a touch slips from the painter, or a happy thought starts into the poet's brain so surprisingly as to elicit the unrestrainable admiration of the author ; the time inspired analogous feelings in the soldier. Back were the cheers of the besiegers echoed in taunting notes of defiance, to tell us that the day was not yet won.

The giddy subaltern, R ———, whose command was supporting artillery, forgot his *rôle*, and, moving his men forward, he left the cannon unprotected from any force that might assault them. He saw our flag dancing on its winding way, and very wrongfully became excited thereat. Followed by his trusty grenadiers, he rushed up the height in the face of hand-grenades and other fire-works aimed at him ; nor stopped he to surmise upon the chances of his swelling the rich harvest that Death was reaping by the thunder-bolts that flew on every side ; indeed, as each metallic shower rattled through the variegated foliage and brought a windfall to the grim old tyrant, he waved his sword aloft, and thought but of Guadalupe and glory ! He had reached the foot of a high hill, when a musket-ball in his right thigh persuaded him to stop and think. His men had got so into the humor of the thing that they dashed at the wall, and by the aid of cracks and projections worked their way up, though roughly checked. With merry jest they went. 'Keep your head out of my face !' said one, jocosely, as his next comrade's skull, cracked by a shot, grazed him. Thus it went. That fire failed to restrain those influenced by such an indomitable spirit — a spirit that asserted even the control of circumstances. Several regiments were already on the hill. Fearlessly they climb the craggy porphyritic rock, whose every inch was disputed. During the heat of the combat the explosions were so continuous that it was as a pillar of fire gleaming through clouds of rolling smoke. A commotion showed that a man of rank had fallen, and our men respectfully hesitate. It reminds us of an incident in our revolutionary history, when an American officer stood over his fallen leader, and exclaimed, 'Save ! oh ! save the Baron de Kalb !' and the British fell back.

Xicotencal, a Mexican colonel, then fell. To the last he upheld the fame of the noble Tlascalcan chieftain whose name he bore — the name of a family shorn indeed of its might, yet perpetuated in the history of centuries. Almost at the same moment Colonel Ransom died at the van of his regiment, the Ninth, but not until he had attained the crest of the cerro. The immense loss in him might have dispirited the troops under more favorable circumstances ; but they well knew that they stood upon mines and pit-falls, and their least danger was on the bayonets and in the cannons' mouths in front ; and they knew that Seymour led them.

The crisis had come. Did the light-footed stormers pause? At their very feet lurked an unseen danger. It was the train communicating with the magazine in the vault of the castle. With the rapidity of thought its springing might hurl them as lifeless as the toppling crags which may settle upon and crush them. Already the port-fire spit forth its envenomed blaze close by the fuse of the mine. No! their ingenuity had discovered and intercepted the serpent-like hose; and a ball from a faultless aim had struck down the youthful officer of engineers who at duty's call was about to involve himself, his friends, and all in one common immolation.

Now, while business is so brisk on the hill, let us look to our neighbors elsewhere engaged. Brevet-Brigadier-General P. F. Smith, who had recently thrown down his goose-quill, and forsaken the haunts where Justice is supposed to preside, was handsomely guiding the movements of his brigade. There might be seen the disciplined soldier who had forgot the clock-like precision of parade, busy in spoliation with, willing heart and nimble hands; and scattered here and there were amateur performers, followers of the army, who waited for neither order nor invitation to mingle in the *mêlée*; and they were all sorts of men, who showed as great a contempt for life as for the æsthetics of dress. Those hardy teamsters in red shirts and half-ranchero costume were not less terrible to the foe than were the most spruce of the *élite* of the army. Many of them had apparently private accounts to settle. The temerity with which they sprang yelling into the midst of groups of ten times their numerical strength, and the effect of their mad efforts, as they plied the bayonet or the bowie-knife, instanced miracles of faith to which war as well as religion has a claim. Higher and higher our colors danced in the artificial breeze, which bore away small ribbons, and each step gave striking examples of confidence and valor.

'Ha! — again we have met. That for the Alamo!'

The exclaimer was just such an one as we might expect to fall in with upon the horizon-bounded plains of the Far West. The unkempt locks of his sun-burnt hair fell in a mat upon his broad shoulders, and from his unshorn face depended a patriarchal beard — one that without inconvenient crowding might afford nest-room for a family of swallows. His *tout ensemble* was in keeping with his upper gear. He was a personage with whom an encounter would scarcely be coveted in a waste and savage region, to which he seemed best fitted, were his heart half as fierce as his huge, red, aquiline nose, or the fire that blazed steadily from his large black eyes. Those few words too, which, in a second's lull, burst from him, did they whisper consolation to the man to whom he spoke? Alamo! — how portentous! That was the watch-word of the vengeance-seeking Texans — the name of the Aceldama, the field of blood, where their fathers, brothers, friends were decoyed into a surrender, and then massacred! — the name that to this day is the password given by the frontiers'-man as he sends his ancient foe into eternity — the name most expressive of deadly revenge, more than '*Guerra al Cuchillo!*'

Were the two who thus strangely met former actors in that tragedy?

Doubtless they were : one an instrument of that most perfidious act ; the other an avenger of blood, against whom no city of refuge closed its portals. As an accompaniment to his shriek of recognition, the Texan dashed his hat, a slouched, mis-shapen thing, into the eyes of the Mexican. The latter could not conceal his amazement at the untimely renewal of such an unpleasant acquaintance ; but starting back, he gave vent to a loud ' Caramba ! ' — a *quasi*-oath in which his kind much indulge. Not improbably the wild-looking man had been schooled to sudden emergencies in contests with the red-men of the forest ; for by what he deemed legitimate tact, he had thrown his adversary off his guard, and gained time to complete the loading of a long rifle. The dreaded crack was followed by a leap into the air and a howl of rage. Unfair, was it ? Good reader, be not more scrupulous than all the world beside. Agree with Lysander, that ' When the lion's skin is too short, we must eke it out with the fox's case,' as witness Crimean warfare.

' *Por amor de Jesus ! Miserecordia !* ' bawled some miserable fellows, as they still quakingly clung to their offensive weapons. ' *Quarter !* ' demanded others boldly in an unfaltering tone, as they brought their arms to a rest, and stood in the firm, erect attitude of the soldier.

Quarter ! The demand was futile. Bid the mill-stream stay its fleeting course, or the swift cascade return up the face of the rock, rather than hope for quarter at such a moment.

' *Remember El Molino !* ' was the cry that hoarsely rose above the tumult. It was caught up and repeated, blending Anglo-Saxon, Milesian, and Allemanic into a confused jargon, a dissonant hum.

Then the victors did remember what was so ineffaceably traced on their memory. Only five days — five days of comparative quiet — had elapsed since the action of El Molino del Rey. There the wounded of our army — and their name was Legion — who fell into the hands of the semi-barbarians, the lancers, were ruthlessly slaughtered, and that too within sight of comrades, who could stretch forth no arm to save. Exasperated as were now the Americans of the North by the sullen resistance they met, that appeal to their feelings of retaliation wrought them up to such a molten degree of intensity, that for some minutes they were carried beyond the control of officers. The demand for quarter fell but coldly on the ears of those whose burning thoughts recalled some friend who, when incapacitated for defence, had perished by assassin-steel. Nor was it heeded by others who well knew that, were the relative positions of the contending parties transposed, none of the benignant spirit of mercy would have beamed on them. Like baleful lightning, flash fell the bright bayonets to the horizon, and quickly found sheaths in palpitating bosoms. Cold steel and feverish breasts ! The scale had not yet preponderated in our favor, although so soon to kick the beam. The expiring hymn of the doomed was the thundering music of battle. Thus raged the strife below.

Nor had the carnage upon the hill-top abated a whit. That was fully attested by the mangled figures which ever and anon crimsoned the rocks. Hurlled headlong from the windows and walls, some dashed

from peak to crag down a declivity which had not so much as a foothold for fifty feet, appearing as messengers of bloody tidings to those below. It seemed as if a communion with visible nature had imparted some of the savage wildness of the dizzy rocks to the hearts of those engaged. Certain it is, that our men exhibited more ferocity there than at any other time during the war; excitement acted upon their souls as wine upon the physical system. Our troops on the azotea were playing a game of bodily agility, and they scrupled not to avail themselves of the readiest means of terminating the conflict.

The castle had been used as a military college, and it contained about forty *élèves*, most of whom were boys just at that age when the sentiments of chivalry are the strongest, before unworthy motives are apt to creep in and influence the mind. Like the many mere boys of our own army, no class did better service. To do the little officers in embryo (the cadets) the justice they deserve, they contributed considerably to the resistance made to the substitution of our bunting for theirs, and they would not give in until the ephemeral light of victory, which for some instants had flickered upon their standards, left them in deepest gloom, and the full-grown men gave up their arms. The nation did well to trust its military honor in the charge of such youths; and unless a future mingling in demoralizing political contests contaminate them, they bid fair to re-brighten the tarnished escutcheon of their degenerate native land.

The partial subsiding of the noise and clangor announced that the struggle had passed the culminating point, and our flag floated upward in the zenith whence the tri-color had been torn. Then Reason resumed her sway. Noble fellows sprang forward to ward off the avenging blows of their infuriate comrades. In many instances they shielded from harm foemen, who, in the blindness of despair, perceived not the flight of all hope, and who still wielded their arms. It was fortunate for such that the net of the fowler had not ensnared them a few minutes earlier, at the time when some infatuated sub-chieftain — so it was said and believed — caused to be displayed a black banner, inscribed, '*Doi no Cuartel.*' There is little doubt that was the case; for it was spoken of on the spot, although soon invisible. In the event of success, the intention of the enemy was manifest, and a pirate's flag might strike terror into assailants less daring.

During the engagement, the attention of more than one was attracted to the spectacle of a plain civilian with belted sword, who appeared more anxious to get a good position, from which he could view the scene, than to slay his kind. It was Walker, the artist. From the sketch then made he subsequently portrayed the battle upon canvas in an able manner. He saw the whole with a professional eye, as if so many mannikins had suddenly been imbued with life and motion for his especial benefit. 'A little more dark in this spot; a fine smoke. Ah! that's better! Major of Marines hit; it breaks the stiffness of the picture. Upon the hill, eh? Good dresses make a pleasing variety. Now, a touch more of crayon in this place. Capital! — the effect is fine. Must thin out those ranks; must indeed. Splendid!

Who'd a thought it?—last charge of grape just the thing. Good again! general shot! Whew! what a-a-dust they do kick up! Assault on redan; hit me, I suppose. Just a touch more of shade in this corner; yes, that does help it; relieves the smoke. Beautiful!—a shell right in the middle of 'em! Could n't be nicer; very kind, I'm sure; will hit—me—if—don't—look out! That will work up finely. There! rim shot off of sombrero! Must leave—leave as soon—soon—as—get—this—part, part done. Now, think that 'll do!'

We can easily imagine his soliloquy. It was time for him to leave, after unconsciously sketching through the worst of the turmoil. All who came within the sweep of his eye were put down by his facile pencil; and when he subsequently called forth his blade to protect his picture, and as an incident thereto, his life, those who were so rash as to oppose him shared a similar fate.

PART TWO.

CERTES, it needed no reference to the notes in my minute-book to make this feeble transcript of the occurrences of that day; for although like old Bernal Diaz, I have permitted years to interveningly roll between the action and this record of it, yet the whole tableau rises as vividly before me as if it were but of yesterday.

The plantain, which, emblematic of repose and cooling airs, Egyptian superstition has consecrated to the Genii of the Shades, now flung its umbrageous mantle over many forms, who, in the long sleep given to recover from a life-long fatigue, were for ever unmindful of the maddening strife. Each face seemed to say:

‘I DIED no felon’s death:
A warrior’s weapon freed a warrior’s soul.’

Their firmly-compressed lips told of determination. It was a place for a poet to die. The only one in my regiment then fell, and but for one or two trifling considerations that made life still palatable, his remains would have enriched the soil upon which he lay. The last act of the Chevalier Bayard, when from faintness he could no longer fight, was to command his steward to set him with his back against a tree, that he might die facing the enemy. When R——, for he it was, kissed his mother earth, under what was thought to be a mortal wound, his anguish was much alleviated by the reflection that his name would be historically associated with the famed Chapultepec—the hill of the grasshopper—whose glories the copper-skinned poet so often had sung; and waving his hand to his nearest men, he bade them to bear him to the nearest tree, that he might expire with the halo of glory on his brow and the pæan of triumph in his ears. And then, as he took a pull at a flask, he gave a sigh of satisfaction, took a lingering look in the direction of Tacubaya, from whose house-tops many of the soft sex witnessed the doings, and sank back with the words: ‘Fare-ye-well,

Guadalupe! — they've done for me!' and died? No, he did nothing of the kind. A swig from a mess-mate's spirit-flask revived him; he lived to be borne into the city of Mexico on a litter raised on men's shoulders, the admiration of all the young misses, who peeped through the lattices when they heard the martial strains; and to this day he has indefinitely postponed his epithalmium or his exit.

On one side of the castle were *haciendas*, with orchards and planted fields in a state of luxuriant cultivation; on another, the green savannahs left by the receding lake, which once had washed the base of the hill. Within the garden rose the gigantic trees whose tops, when the blue clouds of battle enveloped them, became as indistinct as a mountain in a mist, though towering almost to a level with the troops on the summit of the Cerro. I would not risk drawing upon credulity by a description of those prodigies of vegetable creation, were it not for their well-authenticated loftiness and dimensions. The girth of one of them near the ground is one hundred and seventeen feet and ten inches. They loom up as monuments of an age so long ago, that the royal eagle, which, perched upon a nopal, furnished a design for the national arms ever since in use, might also have perched upon them; and in a hale old age of many centuries, they still stand as sentinels who were posted long before the first descent of the Aztecs from the North.

How I can recall the whole scenery as first we entered its precincts! Incongenial was it with the air-drawn picture wrought by the enchantment of distance. The time and place, with all its attendant train of circumstances, could not fail to awaken thrilling emotions in a bosom more immobile than mine. In the grove that girdles the great rock is the spot where the ill-fated monarch Montezuma was wont to seek that refuge from the noon-tide heat denied him by his shadeless city. There, surrounded by sweet-smelling flowers, which spring not less spontaneously than worthless weeds in climes not so highly favored, he gave audience to the few, and inhaled at every breath the fragrance of medicinal herbs. There, surrounded by courtiers, he sipped the delicious vanilla-flavored *chocolatl*, amid the carolling of melodious and brightly-plumed songsters, which fluttered through their capacious aviaries. There too were the fish-ponds, upon whose lilled margins the courtly companions of the angle could loll and discuss good living and earn a meal. The permanent abode of beauty is no longer there; she only hovers over the place with a sad countenance. In the entangling thicket we might vainly seek the marks of ancient state, where nature and art combined to make it the hallowed haunt of royalty. The government or people that could remorselessly demolish the bas-reliefs cut in the living rock, to represent the faces and perpetuate the memory of the two Montezumas, would hardly delight in the preservation of minor legendary curiosities. The Vandals deserved to have their own faces chiseled likewise. Peering through the untrimmed vines that know not a gardener's care, and half-covered with dead-leaves, soil, and rubbish, are remnants of fountains that shall warble forth no song again. Elaborately cut in hieroglyphics, they are so stained and disfigured that the mystic designs are untraceable. What charm may lie hid in the undeciphered stone, which ignorance or want of refinement has thrust

into some out-of-the-way corner, or broken into building materials for walls, who can tell?

The gloomy cypress now waved mournfully over the many braves who had sunk among the graceful branches of the Peruvian pepper-tree and the red-berried myrtle — the scarcely audible sighing of the breeze and the medley of battle their only requiem, as, shrouded in smoke, they lay clasped in the cold arms of death. From a platform raised in the circuit of the botanical garden — the wall of which had served as a parapet to the infantry there stationed — had tumbled scores of the defenders in that fierce assault; and piled one upon another, their mouths foaming and countenances distorted, they vainly struggled against rolling into the moat. The muddy flood was so marbled over with a crimson tinge as to be almost opaque. The bubbles were the last dying sighs which escaped to the surface as each one sunk toward the bottom. The net-work of creeping plants, too, hid much of the carnage. The mutilated trunks over which we tripped had lately been quickened with living souls! There they were to lie until the scent should mingle with and pollute the atmosphere, and the earth-worm was to be cheated of his prey until the restoration of order; then the sad relics were to be tossed without prayer or priest into the trench.

Truly the aspect of the place was amply sufficient to awaken saddened reflections, when passion had time to cool. It read a homily upon the mutability of human affairs, evidenced in unmistakable characters all around. There the lords of the land held their councils until others, more stern and tyrannical, from an unheard-of country toward the rising sun, appeared upon the stage. The corslet-clad foreigners, with their terrible weapons that emitted the noise and flash of the storm-cloud, and some of them swiftly riding upon beasts the like of which had never been seen there before, rider and horse in one, like the fabled Centaur, spread dismay throughout the land. Three centuries later, it did not seem so harsh to us, as, under somewhat similar circumstances, we stood in the tracks of Cortes and his devout followers, and the earth was again moistened with streams of life released from opposing swarms. We gloried not in our cool moments, as the late boasting masters of what they deemed an impregnable fortification now lay blackening in the sun; they seemed to chide the exultant spirit. Their morning thirst for glory and victory had not been slaked; a consciousness in their last moments of having done their duty, was — as, alas! is too often the case — the soldier's only reward. Under the system of theology of their ancestors, their spirits would at once have passed into the highest place in Paradise, because they had fallen in battle; but a new faith denied them that consolation. Were the victors to be envied? Their guerdon was indeed the laurel, but the laurel robbed of most of its charms by the intermingling cypress. When Apollo would have embraced the chaste Daphne — so it is fabled — she was changed into the laurel, identically the same, yet how worthless on being attained! Let us take things as philosophically as did the god when the fair form eluded his grasp, looking calmly into the ever-alternating mirror of life's chances, else the laurel-wreath will be found less verdant than ourselves.

Why do we longer linger in these precincts? — and have been moralizing too, eh? Only a few moments indeed. In that time, General Bravo has delivered up his sword to a lieutenant; our noble chief is directing further offensive operations; the light troops are moving; we must advance; the day's work is not half-done. Five minutes' breathing-time, and we again plunge into the strife.

W. H. BROWNE.

T O M Y R A .

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

O MYRA! how you bother me!
 I cannot sleep at night;
 For elf-like round my pillow
 You're ever in my sight.
 Go where I will in Dream-land,
 By lake or ocean's tide,
 O'er hill-slopes, or through flowery meads,
 You're ever by my side.

In every whispering echo
 That murmurs in the air,
 With most delicious melody,
 Thy voice is ever there:
 I know it, and I feel it,
 'Tis this that makes me moan;
 I think it very hard, MYRA,
 I cannot be alone.

'Tis but the other eve, MYRA,
 While dozing in my chair,
 I couldst have sworn that thou didst run
 Thy fingers through my hair;
 While bending down with modest blush,
 Thine eyes in half-eclipse,
 I'll take my oath that we embraced,
 So tempting were thy lips.

It must be that you are a witch,
 And I am one bewitchéd:
 For be you present or away,
 I'm all the same — just wretched:
 So I will be revenged, I will:
 I'll ne'er forgive thee — never!
 I'll pay you day by day — give notes,
 And make them run for ever!

Tip-Top Ballads,

IN THE MODERN STYLE OF ORIGINALITY.

BY MEISTER KARI.

THE AZURE ADOLESCENT.

'SLEEP'st thou or wak'st thou, jolly shepherd,
 Thy sheep are in the corn,
 And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
 Thy flock will take no harm.' — SHAKSPEARE.

CERULEAN youth, arise!
 And wind your bugle-horn,
 Till like a spirit through the skies,
 I hear its echoes borne;
 For flocks are in the dewy mead,
 And sheep in the golden corn.

Ah! fainéant! is it thus
 Your fleecy flock you keep?
 Embraced by MORPHEUS;
 Lost in the realm of sleep,
 By the fragrant hay-cock high,
 Where nut-brown maidens reap?

THE DREADFUL LEGEND OF THE DARK LADIE.

THEY said she was a sorceress,
 Who studied gramarie,
 So in a donjon's deep duress
 They cast the dark ladie:
 And many a warder watched without,
 Lest she should flit or flee.

They brought the stern witch-ladie forth:
 She gazed with quenchless pride.
 'Ho! wretched grobians! would ye tell
 How Sorceress NORNA died!
 Beware, lest this should prove a sell,
 Ye low-flung, base outside!'

They tossed her in a blanket — lo!
 Uprose the dark ladie
 Upon her magic broom: 'Ho! ho!
 Think ye to sport with Me?'
 'NORNA! NORNA! NORNA!' said I,
 'Whither, ah! whither dost venture so high?'
 'To sweep ARACHNE'S toils from the sky,
 But I will be with ye by-and-by,
 Ere yet the dew on the grass be dry!
 The mocking witch-tones faded away,
 And NORNA was lost in the depths of day.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

POEMS BY ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH. In one volume: pp. 272. Hartford, Connecticut: F. A. BROWN.

It is a fashion of the critics to preface the slightest notice of a poet, actor, or painter, with a long-winded dissertation on matters in general. A double row of colossal sphinxes, a mile in length, and leading to nothing but a sand-heap, would bring less sense of disproportion and disappointment. In truth, the sphinxes themselves would be more intelligible than most of these profoundly empty essays. To be sure it is a labor-saving process, it being much easier to expatiate in generalities than to make a careful examination of a work of art; but the labor saved to the writer is thrown upon the reader, in a way to remind one of the rather profane apothegm about 'easy writing.' It is usual to begin the preliminary remarks at the remotest possible point of association with the business in hand—very much as if the Allied Armies were to make the Cape of Good Hope their 'base of operations' in the Crimea. Perhaps, as huntsmen inclose a forest and beat it up in a narrowing circle, so the critic fancies that he will make surer of his game by commencing at a distance. Like the single-handed Hibernian, he would surround the enemy. Or possibly the motive is purely to enlighten the reader, after the manner of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER's History of New-York, from the creation downward. Of course there must be a more worthy purpose than to display a small stock of ideas, or of information, which may bravely cloak a hasty and careless judgment of the work to be considered.

But we must leave the critics, or we shall run into this very absurdity of theirs. We propose no leonine roaring and roaming to-and-fro in the earth, and up and down it, ending in the merest asinine kick or lick (as the case may be) at the man and thing in question. The reader may be referred to a thousand reviews, if he would be refreshed on the subject of poetry in general and the universe in particular. Our business is briefly with Mr. ELLSWORTH and his volume.

Our young poets are too often poets of promise rather than of performance. But it may be gathered from this volume that its author is not in the

first effervescence of youth; and we infer that he is not likely to be diverted from his aspirations by the usual press of professional or other business. There is evidence, too, that he has laid the foundations of excellence more broadly and deeply than is common, and that he loves the studious retirement and communion with nature favorable to a worthy success in the tuneful art. A manifest intellectual courage and force of will seem to complete the conditions of a safe augury of such success.

Not that entire independence of mind is to be looked for, or found, in these poems. A mixture of bold originality and of resemblances to well-known authors, is one of their most obvious and perplexing features. And yet the first essays of the truest poets even are apt to remind us of their predecessors in song; it seems almost a necessity of young genius to fall into the tone of one and another great master, before reaching the clear pitch and quality of individual music. Accordingly, not a few pages of this volume awaken in the reader, more or less faintly, a note or two of some remembered air. To a listless ear, the best of the poems might sound somewhat as echoes. We could specify a dozen pieces that remind us of the manner of as many different poets; and one of Mr. ELLSWORTH's most vigorous efforts is an undisguised casting in the mould of SCHILLER's 'Song of the Bell.' Indeed, we shrewdly suspect that he has more than once availed himself of others' musical forms of expression, in a conscious and defiant way, as if, like sovereign minds before him, he would freely appropriate any thing to his own purposes, by virtue of some divine right. Were these resemblances all, the book would not be worthy of notice. But a careful reading persuades us that some of the very pieces which suggest to memory the poems of others, are as true and distinct creations as a newly-found species of honey-suckle or magnolia. There is a clear, strong conception — a fertility of thought, a heartiness of spirit, a quaint variety, and fearless energy of utterance, all together indicating a native spring of the waters of poesy, not a mere artificial fountain drawn from old reservoirs of inspiration. Under all his assumed or accidental disguises, Mr. ELLSWORTH is his free, self-possessed, and purposed self. A mind with the qualities of his, if it have also the prime requisite of toilsome persistence, will come wholly to itself by the very process of trying all the great forms and moods of song, and so will be thenceforth entirely itself. Though it may wander about at first in such channels as it finds ready-made, it will gather volume enough to mark out its own.

It is unfortunate that a poem has been placed first in the book so little enriched with the author's various merit, and so open to cavils about imitation, as the one entitled 'The Chimes.' More to be regretted is the occasional excess of colloquialism, descending in some instances to slang, as in the pieces named 'The Seasons,' and 'The Cock of the Walk.' It may be well enough in 'The Yankee,' and 'A Domestic Lyric,' and in passages of the good downright 'Ballad of NATHAN HALE,' or wherever the author does not speak in his own person, and only aims at bold faithfulness to character. To us, such audacities — ventured upon by a writer of manifestly pure and elevated mind — are signs rather of promise; they evince an old-fashioned,

lustly strength, and a contempt of mincing monotony and euphemism — a freedom from sickly taste. As they stand, however, many of these phrases are blemishes, offering a temptation to critics to dismiss the volume with an unfair quotation and a sneer. But they are confined to a few poems.

A like discrimination applies to the author's humor. When he writes in his own person, it tends to overflow too broadly, becoming more like a muddy freshet than a mellow, pervading moisture, which is the nature of true humor. In some instances it is very happy, as for example this description of a barn-yard king:

‘WITH breast so sleek, and eye so bright,
As if you were the pink of honor,
You're stuffed as full of wrath and spite
As Bishop BONNER.’

Good as this is, we feel hardly safe with our poet when he is in a jocular mood. Our fastidiousness is in a state of anxiety lest it receive, not a very severe, but some degree of shock. The merry passages appear to us somewhat as those of most writers of the olden time appear — indiscriminate, blunt, far-fetched, or awkward and forced. Yet, when Mr. ELLSWORTH enters into and assumes a specific, humorous character — such as that of a Yankee or a gossip — he succeeds admirably. His playful vein is good wherever it is subservient to a dramatic purpose, for there it is either excused or limited by some sharply-conceived character.

There are many who object to TENNYSON's recent battle-song, on the score of such lines as, ‘Some one had blundered.’ Some verses in the book before us may raise a similar objection. We think, however, that it is unfounded whenever a poem as a whole satisfies the imagination. Every line in such an organic whole, if it be needed to tell the story, is pervaded with the vitality of the work, though taken separately it may be prosaic. An arm-bone or muscle of a beautiful woman may be a prosy thing in itself, but the whole living woman is a perfect poem. Mr. ELLSWORTH has command of a lofty poetic diction; and an occasional letting down of this gracefully is a charm and a relief. As to the pieces of indifferent merit throughout, it is perhaps well enough to include some of them in the collection. They show the different sides of the writer's nature; they may have a special value to his friends. We see no occasion to make a book of verse so small and select that nothing is left but riddles for the critical, as the manner of some volumes is. The poet speaks to all classes; it is well that common-place minds find something congenial in a work of miscellaneous contents. Any one of eight or ten of the poems now under consideration, is sufficient to save the book from the fate of the thousand and one tomes of mediocre poetry issued in this country.

Thus much by way of exception and volunteered excuse. The merits of the author may be touched upon in the order first of his manner, then of the matter. One of his obvious excellencies is a familiarity with old English words and idioms, together with a measurable avoidance of the mere affectation of using obsolete words and orthographies. He seems to have steeped himself in the spirit and language of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, and the ancient

masters of our prose and poetry, until their feeling and expression have become quite his own. By communion with these writers, or else by more direct sympathy with those of older time, he has also much of the Greek and Roman classic spirit and grace. Witness any part of the longest poem in the collection, 'ARIADNE,' a nobly-conceived and charmingly-written masque. Take for example the light opening song of the Dryad :

'We shadowy Oceanides,
Jove's warders of the island trees,
The tufted pillars tall and stout,
And all the bosky camp about,
Maintain our lives in sounding shades
Of old Æolian colonnades;
But post about the neighbor land,
In woof of insubstantial wear:
Our ways are on the water-sand,
Our joy is in the desert air.'

Further on may be quoted at random a higher strain of verse, to illustrate the same qualities :

'WHAT is that girdle of the Queen of Love?
Wherewith, as with the shell of ORPHEUS,
Things high and humble — the exalted gods,
And tenants of the far unvisited huts
Of wildernesses — she alike subdues
Unto the law of perfect harmony?
What else but sweetness, tempered all one way,
And looks of social benignity?
Which, when she chooseth to be all herself,
She doth put on, and in the act thereof,
Such thousand graces lacquey her about,
And in her smile such plenitude of joy,
The extreme perfection of the immortal gods,
Shines affable, as, to partake thereof,
Hath oftentimes set Heaven in uproar.'

Next to a mingled English and ancient flavor of classic style, there are apparent in the poems an ease, directness, and force of versification, and often a fine musical adaptation of sound to sense, seldom so well sustained in first volumes of verse. We infer, however, that force is rarely or never sacrificed to smoothness; the impression left is the contrary of laborious polish; nor is there evidence of much thought given to rhythm, rhyme, and questions of metre. More attention to the philosophy of versification would have secured more novel and uniformly happy effects. Looking beneath this outward texture, we find uncommon strength and continuity of fibre in the fabrics of Mr. ELLSWORTH'S muse. He has a tenacity of intention, a grasp and singleness of subject, which prove him equal to his themes, and able to mould them according to his will and mood. His shots are not a scattering of grape, but a well-aimed ball; he sees the end of his subject from the beginning, and is not turned aside from his object. Several of the poems—for instance, 'Tuloom' and a 'Millennial Psalm'—are very noticeable for their thorough immersion in the mood of imagination which inspired them. Looking still more intently, we discover proof of deep passion, of keen intuition of character and sympathy with its phases, which argue well

for the writer's success in high efforts of a dramatic or narrative kind. The changing feelings and fancies of ARIADNE, from her first discovery of THESEUS' desertion, onward to the climax of her indignation, when she imprecates on him the vengeance of the gods, exclaiming :

‘THOU too, great NEPTUNE of the lower deeps,
Heave thy wet head up from the monstrous main;
Advance thy trident high as to the clouds,
And, with a not-to-be-repeated blow,
Dash the sin-freighted ship of that rash man!’

All the course of her outraged love is sweetly and powerfully conceived. Her concluding lapse from tragic emotion into a calm, unvengeful disdain that almost sinks into the tenderness of pity, is especially true to her womanly nature, as it is also a fitting close of the scene.

Mr. ELLSWORTH's sincere sympathy with his own age and country, with our national traditions and hopes, is not less evident than his susceptibility to the past. Many of the poems deal with the scenes and actors of American history, and breathe a fresh fragrance of the soil; they glow, too, with an enthusiasm so plainly earnest as to give one proof of genius, namely, an identification with home and country. Through these pieces, as well as others, runs a vein of homely wisdom likewise — a tone of sound good sense and sterling virtue. The meditations entitled ‘Mount Vernon’ — too long and indivisible to quote — may be instanced as exemplifying these traits, and as quite Bryantesque in solemn dignity of diction.

A few ‘disjecta membra poetæ,’ a few bricks, offered not so much to show the style of the poet's architecture as the quality of his mental soil and the fire of his mental kiln, must close our remarks, unless we add a sample-poem or two.

Beauty, the author calls the

‘Daughter of Time betrothed unto Death;’

and says that it

——— ‘is but dross,
Being but the outer iris-film of love.’

A brook in the wilderness

‘Sings and skips on, nor knows its loneliness.’

The ‘wandering bride of sorrow’ was

‘Wrecked with false lights on THESEUS' rocky heart.’

The airs of spring come

‘To warm and wake their nestling broods
Of buds in sylvan solitudes.’

Old soldiers sit by a household fire,

‘THEIR features flickering in the ingle blaze,
Flashing, as if with startled thoughts of other days.’

Death is well imagined in these words:

‘DEATH will rise and drop the curtain
On the windows of our day.’

Memory searches back the past,

‘LIKE one who searches with a light,
Upon a midnight track.’

The idle cynic is exhorted to

‘SHAKE off this hideous death!
Be man! Stand up! Draw in a mighty breath!’

Among the poems most worthy of mention are ‘Putnam’s Awakening,’ very good in design, and in parts; ‘The Mayflower,’ with its quiet picturing and sweet refrain; ‘Tuloom,’ a grandly-toned vision of a ruined temple in Yucatan; ‘A Rail-road Lyric,’ every way an admirable idealization of the great mechanical romance of the age; ‘Brevities,’ being eight very bold and felicitous sonnets; ‘What is the Use?’ a vigorous putting of the questions and the solution of Life, in the spirit of Ecclesiastes; and ‘A Millennial Psalm,’ which soars into a majestic sweep of prophetic vision and language. ‘Tuloom’ is perhaps the most terse, finished, and imaginative production of all; its sonorous recurrence of rhyme, its intense imagery, and well-sustained tone of mystery, haunt the reader. The hissing serpent in the last stanza is a magical touch, and the ‘rushing upward’ in the following lines is an effect especially novel and vivid:

‘WHEN the night is wild and dark,
And a roar is in the park,
And the lightning, to its mark,
Cuts the gloom,
All the region, on the sight,
Rushes upward from the night,
In a thunder-crash of light,
O’er Tuloom.’

The ‘appendix’ of enigmatic poems is not behind the bulk of the volume in poetic merit. On the whole, Mr. ELLSWORTH is not of the metaphysical or ideal school of poets, nor of the simply sentimental. He deals best with things actual, that are and have been, and with the great patent realities of life and existence. He is eminently substantial. Of course he needs no advice from us, except it be to follow his own best instincts and judgment. But we trust he will try his strength on dramas of the fullest scope; not necessarily acting dramas, which require a peculiar aptness and training in the writer. The ‘dramatic lyric,’ also, which BROWNING has worked so well, is a vein in which Mr. ELLSWORTH would no doubt delve successfully. Still better adapted to his powers, perhaps, and to the public sympathies, are the romantic and historical ballad, and the patriotic song and metrical tale, those earliest and truest inspirations of every nation. He has the true New-England spirit and old American fire; and it is high time for the rich, vinous fermentation of American history to appear in more than one or two poets’ brains and hearts.

drowned by slipping from the pier, and left her to struggle with fortune single-handed.

She told him of hunger, cold, and anguish. As she spoke, they became real things to him. Up to that moment they had been things in a story-book. Indeed she was a woman acquainted with grief. She might have said: 'How hard sorrow sits! This is my throne, bid kings come and bow to it.' Her hearer felt all this, and 'in tones gentle as the south wind on a summer evening,' offered her such consolation as he was able.

'Madam,' said he, 'let me be so happy as to bring you some comfort. The sorrows of the heart I cannot heal; they are for a mightier hand, but a part of your distress seems to have been positive need; that at least we can dispose of, and I entreat you to believe, that from this hour, want shall never enter that door again. Never, upon my honor.'

His Lordship had risen to go. She began to thank him rather coldly and stiffly.

'He says ye are a Lord. I dinna ken, and I dinna care; but ye're a gentleman, I daur say, and a kind heart ye ha'e,' (then she began to warm,) 'and ye'll never be a grain the poorer for what ye ha'e gi'en me; for 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' (Then she began to glow.) 'Put your siller; dinna think it; na, lad, na! Oh! fine I ken there's mony a supper for the bairns and me in yon braw bit metal; but I canna feel your siller as I feel your winsome smile, the drap in your young een, and the sweet words ye gied me in the sweet music o' your Soothern tongue. Gude bless ye! Gude bless ye! and I bless ye.'

She blessed him as one that had the power and the right to bless or curse. She stood on the high ground of her low estate and her afflictions, and demanded of their CREATOR to bless the fellow-creature that had come to her aid and consolation. She blessed him by land and water.

She knew most mortal griefs; for she had felt them. She warned them away from him one by one. She knew the joys of life; for she had felt their want. She summoned them one by one to his side: 'And a fair wind to your ship, and the storms aye ten miles to leeward of her.' 'Many happy days and weel spent,' she wished him. His love should love him dearly, or a better take her place. Health to his side by day, sleep to his pillow by night. A thousand good wishes came like a torrent of fire from her lips, with a power that eclipsed his dreams of human eloquence, and then changing in a moment from the thunder of a Pythoness to the tender music of some poetess-mother, she ended: 'An' oh! my bonny, bonny lad! may ye be wi' the rich upon the earth a' your days, and wi' the puir in the world to come!'

CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE is a herring-fisher, a sailor, a story-teller, (*raconteur*.) She does the play of the 'Merchant of Venice' into Scotch prose for her friends, and astonishes them as much as CORINNE does hers with her improvisations. She is, with all her masculine pursuits, a womanly woman, and worth all the men in the book. Let the author give us as good a hero in his next, and he will make a still more satisfactory book than either 'CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE' or 'PEG WOFFINGTON.'

A VISIT TO THE CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL. By RICHARD MCCORMICK, JR., of New-York. In one volume: pp. 212. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

WE scarcely know which most to admire in this work; its entire *unpretendingness*, or the great amount of intelligent observation and valuable information which it evinces and conveys. It is a plain and succinct narrative of facts, without any attempt at fine writing or exaggeration; and we venture to say that a careful perusal of the work will convince any reader that he has before him, in a brief and comprehensive form, a clearer and better view of affairs before Sebastopol than any which he has hitherto been able to obtain. The writer wisely abstains from any attempt at an exposition of the intricate causes of the war, or its probable course or termination. He judiciously contents himself with setting forth what he saw and experienced, and that in such a natural, matter-of-fact manner that the reader cannot but choose to see and feel with him. Our limits are small this month, and we can afford but brief space for extracts. One thing is apparent in the volume, and that is, that the complaints which have been 'loud and deep' in relation to the manner in which the brave British troops were cared for by their 'superiors,' as the phrase is, both at home and at the seat of war, are well-founded and just. We take the following passages as an evidence of the individual indifference which a familiarity with active warfare begets in the mind of the soldier:

'In a sortie made by the Russians one night in December, the guard of the Fiftieth regiment was killed, and the enemy took possession of the picket, only to remain for a short time, however; for the Rifles, hearing the alarm, soon came up and slaughtered the intruders without mercy. A patrol-officer coming along some time after, and finding an Irishman of the Rifles on guard, addressed him: 'Well, my man, what are you doing here? You do not belong to the Fiftieth.' 'May it please yer honor,' said Paddy, 'the Rooshins relieved the Fiftieth, and we relieved the Rooshins!'

'A facetious Scotch friend who had his lodgings in Balaklava, was aroused by the violent ringing of bells and general confusion throughout the harbor on the demise of the old and the inauguration of the new year. Forgetting the occasion, he sallied forth into the dark, cold streets, thinking that there must be a fire somewhere. Soon convinced of his mistake, but ready and anxious as ever (the wicked fellow!) for a bit of fun, he carelessly said to a shivering Erinite, whom he found standing on guard: 'Well, sentinel, if a fire should break out here, what should you consider it to be your duty to do first?' 'Indade, Sir, I should think it my first duty to warm myself,' was the off-hand and witty reply.

'Lieutenant EDWARD WYLDE, R. N., an active and intelligent gentleman, who had the arduous duty of superintending the embarkation of the larger portion of the sick and wounded ordered to the hospitals at Scutari, related to me many remarkable instances of the wonderful *esprit de corps*. In assisting one poor fellow, who had lost a leg, and been shot through the thigh, as well as through the breast, but who was very coolly smoking his pipe, he remarked: 'Well, my good man, I see that you keep your spirits up in the midst of your trouble.' 'Oh! yes,' said the sufferer, with a smile, 'I never allow such trifles to put out my pipe. I paid the Russians for damaging me, I can tell you. No sooner was my bayonet into one fellow before I jerked it out and drove it into another, and so I went on to the tune of a dozen of them; and if I ever get well and have an opportunity, I'll be at the beggars again, you may be sure of that.'

'This is but a sample of the manner in which the mangled victims expressed themselves. Who will say that war does not barden and degrade the human heart?

'Captain BENSON, pay-master, whom I met frequently, said to me: 'After the battle of the Alma, I met a Highlander with a broken leg, limping about the field. I said to him: 'Pray, my good man, what are you looking for? Why do you not go to the hospital-tent and have your leg set?' 'O Sir!' he replied, 'I'm looking for my piece.' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Why, my musket, Sir.' 'Oh! never mind that,' said I; 'the govern-

ment will furnish you with another, if you ever need it. Do take my advice, and go and have your broken limb attended to immediately.' 'The leg be hanged!' said he in an excited tone. 'I *must* find my piece,' and I left him wandering about the field anxiously searching for his 'piece.'

The difference between the English and French armies is set forth, and partially accounted for in the following short but sententious and truthful passage :

'The English and French armies presented a strong contrast in their condition during the entire winter. The former, over-worked, poorly fed, and suffering from a complication of maladies; the latter, well-provisioned, well-clad, and comparatively free from sickness.

'By nature the English and French are vastly different, and no one who has seen the camp-life of the latter can for an instant deny that it is in every way superior to that of the former. An Englishman has no faculty for encountering the thousand vicissitudes of a tedious campaign. He fights well, doggedly, desperately; Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann are late and satisfactory demonstrations of his indomitable bravery. The Frenchman fights well and lives well, wherever it may be his lot to locate. He appears as contented, hearty, and happy under canvas in a strange and barren land, as in the luxurious cities of *la belle France*.

'Where the Englishman eats his salt-beef and biscuit in the same style day after day, the Frenchman has a half-dozen palatable dishes from the same monotonous components.

'The Frenchman loves war by nature. By nature the Englishman dreads it. So utterly disgusted were nine-tenths of Her Majesty's officers and men with their miserable life, that they would have gladly abandoned the deathful Crimea at any moment, could they have had an honorable pretext.

'The French had the benefit of a well-organized wagon-train, and thus, having taken the precaution to prepare suitable roads, (in most cases,) they very readily transported their provisions to the respective divisions. The English had no wagon-train whatever. The French had a baker connected with every regiment, and large quantities of fresh bread were distributed throughout the camp every other day. A present of thirty-five thousand loaves was sent to the English at one time.

'But I did not intend to institute a comparison between the advantages enjoyed by the armies. It has been repeatedly shown that the greatest difference existed, and the world wonders at the striking contrast.'

Of the sick and wounded in the hospitals at Scutari, our author thus speaks. He makes mention of the French Hospitals in terms of high praise, as being in all respects superior to the English, and marked by even signs of *luxurious* comfort :

'The manner in which the sick were brought into Balaklava from the respective divisions was shockingly rude; yet perhaps, with the desperate roads, and a destitution of a proper supply of ambulance wagons, it could not have been bettered. I remember that on one morning Lord RAGLAN sent orders from head-quarters, that one thousand sick might be expected to embark for Scutari during the day. I do not know that so large a number did actually appear; but all day long, files of stumbling horses were to be seen wending their way toward the village, with their ghostly riders enveloped in huge white blankets, and often with a comrade in attendance, to prevent them from falling from their precarious position. The sight was one of the most frightful that ever came to my eyes.

'The Scutari landing was about a quarter of a mile from the Barrack Hospital, to which the sick were borne upon stretchers, hour after hour, day after day. Though, as Mr. OSBORNE remarks, 'One wounded man borne on a stretcher in the street of a town, attracts universal attention, and excites a painful sympathy from any beholder; at Scutari, the dying were so often encountered, carried in boats, lying on the pier, or borne in long processions on stretchers, that they ceased to attract any but a moment's notice, and did not, even for a moment, excite any particular emotion.'

'We noticed victims of the bayonet, sword, and shell, as well as of virulent disease. Cases of dysentery, diarrhea, and Varna fever were lamentably numerous. I shall never forget the haggard look depicted on the faces of those whose dull eyes met mine at every step. It seemed as though I trod in the presence of a great charnel-house, where the decayed flesh and dry bones had, for the instant, assumed partial life.

'Every variety of mutilation to which the human frame could be subject was to be

found, and to many life appeared to have no attraction; death was looked to as a joyous release.

'Those of the men who were possessed of sufficient strength were absorbed in the reading of the newspapers, regularly received from home; of this Mr. OSBORNE speaks with his usual graphic interest: 'Many of the soldiers read aloud remarkably well; I have seen a black-whiskered, fine-looking man, propped up in bed, chosen as a reader; having lost an arm, they had folded the paper for him, so that he could, holding it in one hand, get at the 'battle bit;' cripples of all kinds crept up and sat on and about the adjoining beds. As far as his voice could be heard, (it was a loud Irish one,) you might see men turned in their beds, trying to drink in every word. On he went, right through the whole. Beginning in rather a monotone style, he soon warmed up, and, as the men said, 'gave it out well.' Then there would be a hail from a distant bed: 'I say, let us have it up here now;' and some crippled patient would come scrambling down to beg the paper. A new reader would be found, and nearly the same scene again and again repeated. I heard a shrewd observation from one veteran who, having read the battle in a 'daily,' then looked at a picture of it in a 'weekly.' 'The writing, Sir, is more like a picture than the picture is like the battle. Why, Sir, these painters seem to think all our horses are fit for brewers, and that gun-powder makes no smoke.'

'Here I may remark that the fashion of representing a battle or siege with little if any smoke, as adopted by most of our print-makers, is extremely absurd. The whole air is generally filled with dense smoke. It could not be otherwise, with the combined discharge of whole regiments of musketry, to say nothing of the cannonading which generally accompanies it.'

The volume is exceedingly well printed, and the maps and engraved illustrations which accompany the text are pronounced 'entirely correct.' They cannot fail, therefore, to impart a complete understanding of the relative locations of the most important places mentioned, the positions of the contending armies, and the general appearance of the surrounding country. It was, we think, an over-sight, however, to make the names of interesting localities, such as those included in and surrounding Sevastopol, for example, so very small that they can scarcely be seen by the unassisted eye. With this exception, the maps and engravings are in all respects excellent.

THE SPELLER AND DEFINER'S MANUAL. By WILLIAM W. SMITH, Principal of Grammar-School Number One, New-York: containing a large Collection of the most Useful Words in the English Language, correctly Spelled, Pronounced, Defined, and arranged in Classes. Together with Rules for Spelling Prefixes and Suffixes; Rules for use of Capitals, Punctuation-marks, Quotations from other Languages used in English Composition, Abbreviations, etc., etc. To which is added a Vocabulary for Reference. In one volume: pp. 290. Second edition: New-York: DANIEL BURGESS AND COMPANY, John-street.

THIS is a school-book of merit; containing, as its title-page truly announces, the best and most useful words of the language, so classified and arranged that the pupil can easily see and understand the difference and peculiarities of each. We notice another feature of great importance to beginners — the proper pronunciation of each word, with the sounds of the letters so designated that all can understand and apply them — a great aid both to the teacher and pupil. The questions at the bottom of the pages are admirably adapted to obtain the desired end — correct spelling, together with a knowledge and right use of words. The work must prove a valuable assistant in our schools.

LAYS FROM THE GLEN: or Musings of Leisure Hours. By H. B. WILDMAN. In one volume: pp. 144. New-York: PUDNEY AND RUSSELL.

WE gather from the well-expressed introduction to this modest but meritorious little volume, that the poems which it contains were 'composed and written at various times within the past few years, and under strange vicissitudes; often gloomed with sorrow, and occasionally brightened with hope. Some were written with the view and desire of giving solace to afflicted and kind friends; others, to relieve and lighten the wearied mind of the author during a prolonged and painful illness.' There is much of true simple feeling in the book, which will find an answering return in the hearts of its readers. There is much, too, of facile versification and rhythmical melody in several of the minor pieces, which indicate not a little fruitful study of the 'art of verse.' We annex three brief specimens, not as being the best which we could select, but because the first well enforces a wise moral lesson; the second has a simple heartfulness in it, which will commend it to the bereaved everywhere; and the third is in a playful vein, which affords a requisite contrast of style:

I.

'Time is drawing nearer, nearer,
While our heads are turning gray;
Tears are falling on life's mirror
Every day!

II.

'Time is closing Beauty's portals,
Flowers are blooming to decay;
Fate is delving graves for mortals
Every day!

III.

'While our pleasure-boat is rolling
Over life's eventful spray,
Funeral bells are tolling, tolling
Every day!

IV.

'While the laurel-wreath is shading
O'er the fame-lit brow of clay,
Sad we see the garland fading
Every day!

V.

'Love, then take your promised treasures,
Fame is dazzling to betray;
Life is fading with its pleasures
Every day!

VI.

'Hence, while all things are declaring
DEATH a seeker for his prey,
Let us be ourselves preparing
Every day!'

The following bears the title, '*I've been Gathering Flowers, Mother,*' and is the simple utterance of a little boy, whose child-sister has gone before him to heaven :

'Oh! I've been gathering flowers, Mother,
For JULIA's grave, to-day;
Oh! I've been wandering down the glen
Where once we used to play;
And there, beside the grape-vine swing,
Where mountain flocks repose,
I found this dear soft silken band,
Twined round a lonely rose.
O Mother! 't is the braid of hair
Dear little JULIA used to wear!

'And farther down the vale, Mother,
Where morning zephyrs rise,
I found this dear, dear little book,
These ribbons, and these toys;
And there I found this little doll,
Within our play-house shed;
Its little hood and silken shawl
Lay on a violet bed.
Within the book, dear Mother, see,
Here are the words, 'Remember me!'

'Now I have plucked the rose, Mother,
The silken band to save,
And gathered all the summer flowers
For little JULIA's grave.
I've plucked the daisy from its mould,
The lily from its lair;
For such were all the gems, Mother,
Dear sister used to wear;
Now, gently, 'mid the sweet perfume,
I'm going with them to her tomb.'

If it were not a little boy who was speaking here, we should tell him that the *lair* of a lily is scarcely allowable. Beasts and reptiles of prey are more apt to occupy 'lairs' than the flowers of the field. With '*Butterfly Days*' we must take our leave of the 'lyttel boke' before us:

'T is sweet to look back on our butterfly days,
When the sun-shine of pleasure beamed clearly;
When the fire blazed bright on the old cottage-hearth,
And old 'SANTA-CLAUS' came around yearly.

'T is sweet to remember the good olden times,
As we muse o'er our life's dull epistle;
'T is sweet to remember 'our old-fashioned hat,'
Which we had to catch bees from the thistle.

'T is sweet to look back on our butterfly days,
When we lodged our first kite in the cherry;
'T is sweet to remember our first 'BARLOW Knife,'
And the 'love-letter' written to MARY.

'T is sweet to remember our first Sunday coat,
How impatient we waited to wear it;
'T is sweet to remember the dear rainy days
When we 'trained' in our grand-mother's garret.

'T is sweet to remember our frolics at school,
When the rod and the ruler were busy;
'T is sweet to remember our first boyish kiss,
And the mortified blushes of LIZZIE.'

The volume is neatly executed upon good paper, an attraction for which the author is indebted to the kind care of a generous friend, ('G. C. M.,') who undertook its publication. It is dedicated briefly and modestly to Mr. SAMUEL A. ROLLO, Esq., of the publishing house of Messrs. A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY, a gentleman whose name is in many mouths as a liberal encourager of literature and the fine arts.

ARIEL AND OTHER POEMS. By W. W. FOSDICK. Illustrated with Designs by DALLAS. In one volume: pp. 316. New-York: BUNCE AND BROTHER.

IN introducing this handsome volume to our readers, we shall forbear quotation from, or comment upon, the initial poem which gives it its principal title: partly because it should be read consecutively, and not in segregated portions, but mainly for the reason that while 'our will consents, our space does not.' In justice to Mr. FOSDICK, however, we shall briefly state his idea in the poem. Taking up ARIEL where PROSPERO parts with him, he has endeavored to show how much he would be discontented when confined to the sphere of earth; spiritual and earthly love are contrasted and contradistinguished; and the union of two beings, blending qualities inherently attractive to each other, set forth: so that 'ARIEL, with the wealth of the world at his command, is unhappy; lacking that society which is the life of enjoyment, and that reciprocated love which is the talisman of existence.' Mr. FOSDICK is a western poet; and it has been well remarked by one who is himself an American poet of the very first rank, that 'almost every page of his work is suggestive of a residence in the back-woods. There is an unpruned luxuriance of imagination and language about them, in which they resemble the forests of his native region.' The subjoined is from a very descriptive poetical sketch of DANIEL BOONE, the pioneer 'Hunter of Kentucky.'

'STRANGE, fair Kentucky! though no cannon shook
Thy giant hills, yet every stream and brook
Could tell a tale, that somewhere on its course,
Knife had met knife, and force encountered force,
And tomabawks gleamed in the sun-light's flood,
Descended swift, and dyed themselves in blood!
What then the feelings of the man that dared
This perilled place, alone, and unprepared;
Who knew not that the hut which he should leave
At daylight's dawn, would still be there at eve,
Or only ashes left to tell the tale
Where once its smoke arose above the vale?
For here no succor or support could aid
The single hunter in the forest shade;
No hand could stretch to give its kind supply;
No ear to hear, or heed his helpless cry;
If sickness came, no eye to watch his bed;
No soul to smooth the pillow 'neath his head;
No friendly face beside him sit, to cheer,
Or tell old tales, to every bosom dear;
No loving wife, to mingle soul with soul,
Like blended streams which with one current roll;
No simple child his hours to beguile,

To meet his look with upturned eye and smile ;
 No hand to press his own with cordial clasp,
 And thrill his heart with friendship's fervid grasp.
 He saw no tear, save those the fountains shed,
 And heard no mourner, save the dove o'erhead ;
 The sable raven sweeping through the sky,
 Turned down on him his bare and burnished eye ;
 Lured by the game he scented as he passed,
 His husky voice came croaking on the blast ;
 And o'er the height of woody mountain-peaks,
 The circling eagle wheels aloft and shrieks,
 To hear beneath, his stranger footsteps press
 The brown leaves 'mid the silent wilderness.
 But still, to be alone, was not to pine,
 And Boone ! true loneliness was only thine.
 To stand upon some mountain's craggy crest,
 And see the sun sink silent in the west,
 The night's dark curtains drawn across day's red,
 And all the vale grow silent as the dead,
 Oh ! then it is when light's fair form hath flown,
 That man may feel how much he is *alone*.
 To sit at night beside thy cabin fire,
 And watch the flames of blazing wood expire,
 With statue Silence, dumb, and all alone,
 And not a voice to answer to thine own,
 Nor household spirit for the empty chair :
 But noiseless Darkness, with her vacant stare,
 Peers through the shadows of the lonely room,
 Then seeks the forest with her sister, Gloom.'

Very spirited is the song of '*The Maize*.' We must admit that we never saw this graceful plant in such perfection, nor to such a wonderful extent, as in our recent visit to the author's 'own native West :'

'A song for the plant of my own native West,
 Where nature and freedom reside,
 By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever blest,
 To the corn ! the green corn of her pride !
 In climes of the East has the olive been sung ;
 And the grape been the theme of their lays,
 But for thee shall a harp of the back-woods be strung,
 Thou bright, ever-beautiful Maize !

'Afar in the forest where rude cabins rise,
 And send up their pillars of smoke,
 And the tops of their columns are lost in the skies
 O'er the heads of the cloud-kissing oak —
 Near the skirt of the grove, where the sturdy arm swings
 The axe till the old giant sways,
 And echo repeats every blow as it rings,
 Shoots the green and the glorious Maize !

'There buds of the buck-eye in spring are the first,
 And the willow's gold hair then appears,
 And snowy the cups of the dog-wood that burst
 By the red-bud, with pink-tinted tears ;
 And striped the bows which the poplar holds up
 For the dew and the sun's yellow rays,
 And brown is the papaw's shade-blossoming cup,
 In the wood, near the sun-loving Maize !'

Not a few passages had we indicated for extract, as we turned over Mr. Fosdick's pages ; and it almost 'gars us greet' to leave unquoted the '*Health to Auld Scotia*,' and '*Mary Lyle, a Ballad*.' But simply, it may not be. We have barely room to commend the book to our readers.

EDITOR'S TABLE

'A DAY'S ANGLING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. — We hope we have as little envy as is consistent with a tolerably good moral character; but when we read the following, from our 'Up-River' and Green-Mountain correspondent, we did incontinently not only wish that we had been there, but experienced also, we are afraid, a slight twinge of envy toward our more favored friend. But perish the ignoble thought! Whatsoever things are pleasant, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are good, he deserves to enjoy them all:

'I WILL give you an account of a day's trout-fishing in a mountain-stream, not expecting to shed any new charm upon a theme which has been already illustrated with every literary embellishment. For HAWES, HERBERT, and many professed anglers and university-bred sportsmen have so piously followed in the steps of St. IZAAK WALTON and S'RUMPHREY DAVY, and have so exhausted the brooks, that it is like fishing for minnows now-a-days. Moreover, for the last hundred years, in our own country, during which a taste for the recreation of angling has survived, and every stream has been whipped and thrashed with rods, so many note-books have been kept, that little remains to be said about the 'scaly people.'

'The present season has been remarkably good for anglers. In the beginning of the summer, when there was every reason to apprehend a drought, the windows of heaven were opened, and a gentle, soaking, and abundant rain came down; and up to the present time, at intervals of a few days, we have had copious showers and magnificent thunder-storms, filling up all the ponds and streams to the very brims. Never did the waving forests present a richer and more glorious freshness, in all their shades and varieties of living green; never did the grass promise a more abundant harvest, or the shining blade of the corn a better crop. Verily the little hills and the big mountains rejoice on every side. I have a few rural matters to dispose of before speaking of the trout-fishing.

'Not long since, a hen of the old barn-yard breed walked down to the banks of the Winooski River, a little below the falls in this place, and leisurely swam across, with all the facility of a duck. This can be abundantly proved out of the mouths of two or three witnesses, all good men and true, and is as solemn a fact, so far as

the truth is concerned, as any on record. She was not scared into the stream by a dog, nor driven in by a stick, but of her own free will descended to the brink, glided into the wave, and having safely reached the opposite shore, dressed her feathers with the grace of an accomplished web-foot. Several philosophical theories have occurred to me, by which to account for this unnatural conduct. She was probably hatched by a duck, and learned something of her amphibious nature from the progeny with which she was reared. Or she herself unexpectedly found herself the mother of yellow goslings, and tenderly ventured after them, out of parental regard, until at last she learned the 'art of swimming,' and loved to 'practise what she knew.' Or it may be that, oppressed with heat, tortured and infested by small insects, which it is indelicate to name, rumped in plumage and ruffled in temper, with the spirit and decision of a true hen, she boldly swam the flood to enjoy the refreshment of the bath, and to drown her multitudinous foes. And that she gained a point so soon as she had gained *the point*, was testified by triumphant cacklings, while the astounded philosophers who witnessed the exploit went home to consult their natural histories again.

I once knew of a cat who superintended a brood of young chickens, which is also a solemn fact, and as well testified to as the above. '*Natur is natur*,' is a proverbial and homely remark in the country; but there are certain varieties, exceptions, eccentricities, so that the 'wonder-book' never ceases to present a new page. Had it been a Shanghai rooster who accomplished this exploit, the lookers-on would have said, no doubt, that he was fording the stream; but it was a demure, low-built, little 'quiet-heart' of a barn-yard fowl.

'Another feat of bathing, by a biped, (not feathered,) I have to record, the most curious from the days of the 'tired CÆSAR' down to those of the gentle MUSIDORA. I was in a deep romantic gorge, where a way is cloven by the headlong current through the solid rocks. Sixty feet on each hand they rise as even as a wall, and extend for five hundred yards perhaps, where they stop, and the agitated current slides into a smooth enamelled meadow. The Little Palisades, I call them, although the real name of the place is the Falls of Middlesex. In the middle of the boiling current, just beyond a narrow bridge which lacks little of having been completed by Nature, is a high shaft of rocks, which cause it to make a sudden bend, and by opposing, excites the flood into a yeasty foam and roaring passion at the base. I took a notion to clamber to the top of this promontory or peninsula, which required the scrambling agility of a goat, and thence to look down upon the rapids, which resembled those of a cataract, and through the palisades. Whether any one had been there before or not (for most people content themselves with looking down from the bridge) is uncertain; but I found no foot-steps of 'gi-yants' upon the rock. On the summit of this place I discovered a natural bathing-tub, scooped clean out by the hand of Nature, filled to the brim with pure rain-drops, as they had fallen from the clouds. As I lay stretched on my back in this remarkable bath, this columnar reservoir, (for after considerable consideration I got into it,) refreshed and recreated, with the skies above and the agitated flood beneath, it struck me that it was a tub worthy of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, and I would not have come out of it in a hurry, but I heard carriage-wheels approaching, and the cavern was cold as the grotto of Antiparos.

'We will now proceed on the trouting expedition, which for once was accompanied with good luck, and is worthy of record. The morning was cool, cloudy, and gave some indication of showers. All the better. Trouts bite more readily when pattering rain-drops break the glassy surface of the brook which mirrors the crouching

angler. It is the angel of good-luck which goes down into the pool and 'troubleth the water.' I went on invitation of a friend, whose Christian name is GEORGE, and whom I will call on this occasion, in honor of his good-nature, St. GEORGE. NEPTUNE, a large Newfoundland, accompanied the party. We arrived at MARTIN'S Brook, where it passes through some rough clearing, and then plunges again into the woods. Here we turned the pony out to grass, got ready the fishing-rods, and 'wums for bait,' and leaping on a small islet where the water ran pure and cool, invigorated ourselves at the outset with a drink and a few sandwiches, from which circumstance I named the place 'Sandwich Island.' St. GEORGE went up to MARTIN'S Brook, toward the cleared land; I followed it after it had leaped some fifteen or twenty feet over the dam of a saw-mill into the thick woods. It was as inaccessible a spot as was ever laid out by rude Nature in the wilderness. Cold as ice, and clear as crystal, the brook dashed on unimpeded over impediments, volubly babbling. It twisted, and giggled, and dimpled, from chasm to chasm, sometimes going subterranean, until at last it flashed out in the open fields like a sword leaping out of its scabbard. Not so easy the course of the pilgrim upon its banks; for the way was choked up with rocks Titanically scattered, barricaded with logs, bristling with stumps, full of mossy trap-doors, which let down the legs in a squashy muck, up to the very thighs. I was pitched headlong; I sank in; I slipped; I floundered over crackling rails, and forced a passage through persecuting briars. Heated, scratched, lacerated, and soliloquizing in vexation, methought at first it was not what 'trouting' is cracked up to be! It was not like fishing from an English meadow, even in St. WALTON'S time, with daisies growing beneath your feet, larks springing into mid-air, silver stream rolling over golden pebbles, clean sward down to the very marge, with no gnarled roots to hook your hooks—nothing but trout and poetry. *It was better.* All things gather value from variety, from freshness, from novelty. Wildness will be exceedingly precious before long. Gradually the untamed beasts cease to roar and shake their manes. Then the earth itself is becoming 'artificially smooth; scarce a rock or a stump left. You may 'oh!' and 'ah!' for 'a lodge in some vast solitude'—often in vain. By dint of hard work among the underwood, I stepped with great boldness upon a greater 'boulder.' It was about as long as a sarcophagus, shaped somewhat like it, four or five feet in height, and at the base of it lay a cool and deep pool of almost black water. I felt confident there were trouts in it: it looked very trouty. On either hand rose up a wall of vegetation, a thick forest. PHŒBUS APOLLO could not shoot his fierce rays through the impervious leaves.

'With alacrity I struck a barb into the bowels of an earth-worm, and cast lightly in the tempting lure, with a wily and deceptive art which I should be sorry to carry out into common life. It was responded to by an immediate shock at the wrist and elbow, such a peculiar blow as only a trout gives. You feel it to the very marrow. I had hooked a lovely creature in the upper-lip, and he quivered and flashed about with his pictorial body, as if he had a vial of electricity beneath his rosy gills. He was a quarter-pounder. I threw out again from the sarcophagus, and, with a pleasurable spasm, drew out another rosy darling from the wave, and, as he lay in the basket, watched the vital power as it subsided with a tremulous shiver at the extremity of his filmy fins. 'This is a valuable rock,' said I; 'my exertions will be crowned with success; it is good for me to be here; the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places.' But here, after a succession of successes, I was forced to go down and thrust a bare arm up to the elbow to release a fast hook.

'It was necessary to move down stream. In brook-trouting it is always better to pass on, and not seek to get all the fish out of any one hole, where the sport is tempting, or kill off all the innocents in a watery paradise. You will be more judicious if you dip in delicately, and take a dainty morsel here and there. Pass down the stream from rock to rock, from whirlpool to whirlpool, from water-fall to water-fall; for you will thus embasket many more of the agile creatures in the course of a day's fishing, than if you extort from every basin all the treasure which it hath. This is a hard lesson to learn. You might as well exhort the gold-digger to seek for better nuggets when he is having good luck in sifting out the auriferous flakes. If you have water-proof boots, walk right down through the middle of the stream, and throw in ahead of you, by which you will capture one and another of the finny flock, if you do not unadvisedly step upon some slippery stone and fall headlong with a splash. A fisherman is prepared for such things. Forasmuch as the task was difficult, I did not feel disposed to proceed much farther for the present, but sat upon the rock below the mill-dam and surveyed the romantic prospect. The grotto-like coolness of the place, the gloom of the woods, a deep and all-prevalent silence, made me think at that time of the spirit-land. Are the familiar pursuits which belong to the present consistent with the refinement of a rarefied sphere?

'Judge EDMONDS, in one of his excursions beyond the confines of mortal flesh, saw on one occasion a party on horse-back, in purple riding-jackets, with velvet caps and gold bands, attended by dogs. Only think of that! *Attended by dogs!* They must have been spiritualized Italian gray-hounds, musically yelping with attenuated breath along the aerial turnpikes; with needle-like noses, scenting among the golden stars, to chase the deer in many a brilliant and ecstatic leap from cliff to cliff across the vast abysses, while all the concave vault reëchoed to the chorus of the hunt. He also saw a *saw*-mill with two saws! Good heavens! It looked like a vivid reminiscence of this very spot. If there were any fish in the waters which turned the ghostly wheels, those fish were trout, which wagged their fins in pools of bluest ether. What a prize that for one reclining on a bank of amaranth, to put into graceful Indian basket, woven by the fingers of some fairy sprite, some 'Prairie-Fawn,' some 'Dancing-Plume,' or 'Rippling-Water!' So thought I whiles I lay most 'throwly lapped' in reverie, like the JUDGE, and seemed to gaze upon some wild Elysian dell, and on that heavenly saw-mill built upon the rocks. A snow-white miller would have helped the illusion; but *saws* are *saws*, (wise ones included.) He is a poor fisherman who will go a-trouting on a glorious mid-summer-day without spiritual reflections even better than these. It is half the pleasure of the jaunt. So did the heavenly-minded WALTON, quintessence as he was of child-like innocence, who, in writing the lives of saintly men, did picture forth his own. So did he near the charming little river Dove, in good, old, glorious England, where,

'On the green bank seated still,
His quick eye watched the dancing quill;'

or, as it hath been more quaintly writ:

'Attending of his trembling quill.'

So did he keep his mind in calm and trustful quiet, and amid demolished shrines, and sacred seats sequestered, while the very ivy lifted up despairing tendrils unto heaven, or was unclasped from 'ancient consecrated tower,' he still could listen to

the lark, as it rose on its librating wings, and wander in his mind along the crystal stream which flows fast by the golden city — though he beheld no saw-mill there :

'O my beloved nymph, fair Dove!
Princess of rivers! how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty:
And with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learnt, industriously to try.'

'What an angler! what an angle! what an angel in this rude world! Dexterous as he was with his 'trembling quill' upon the river Dove, he was more dexterous with it on his pure and dove-like page, when it 'trembled' in the hands of that old man of eighty years, whose winters never brought a blighting frost, and whose summers shone for him with fairer sun-shine, and with lovelier flowers. In what an innocent and Doric style he wrote! pure and transparent as the river Dove itself; unadorned and artless; with its snatches of song and little poems sweet as the warbling birds; in its descriptive rural scenes inimitably beautiful. His very name is altogether liquid, interrupted only in its smoothness by the characteristic *z*, thrown in to give it a little zigzag, like a rock in some vocal stream. IZAAK WALTON! — Pardon the digression, for fishing is a work of patience, and so delicate a fish as trout are only caught at long intervals. They are not dragged out of the water one after another, like slimy, vulgar suckers, which gobble up whatever you choose to throw in. They are bashful; they are shy; they are sportive; they are refined: they taste, they nibble, they vibrate on the top of an eddy like a magnet pointing to the pole. In the mean time you can do what you like. You may take out your tablets and write a poem, or count up all your Christian virtues on your finger-ends; any thing to fill up the chinks of the golden day.

'One — two — three — four — five — TEN of these vivacious creatures did I captivate in that one spot, and saw them dangling before my eyes in all their dazzling, brilliant beauty, spotted with purple satches, covered with silver and gold, and quivering with an intense vitality, which soon left them, unless they were destined to strike out again in the shape of spiritual fish. There was one of the number so superb in hectic hues and coloration, that I would have given something to have laid him upon a white platter, and, as far as a painter's mockery could have done it, to have drawn his likeness, tint for tint and color for color. The fins upon his snow-white belly were of a deep Tyrian purple, and athwart his back there ran two transverse bars of light, like a double-rainbow, with every hue which shines in the prismatic rain-drops. There must have been a piscatorial wailing in the brook when that gorgeous swimmer was missed from the pure element which he graced. A feeling of remorse seized me as I tore the barb from his mouth and the red blood, like that of strawberries, gushed on my fingers. His memory will last, and go down with me through all time, like that of obsolete rainbows, like that of flowers that have flourished in past summers, or grew in gardens which are now waste and desolate. As I contemplated his regal beauty, the heavens grew darker, the thunder muttered in the distance, and the rain began to fall. I scrambled out of the brush-wood, and returned hastily to Sandwich Island. NEPTUNE slumbered beneath the wheels of the chariot, but ST. GEORGE had not returned. In the mean time I threw a brown fly into the stream, which was snapped up by a small

nibbler. Then the rain fell in torrents, and presently I saw my friend lugging his basket, and working his way patiently over the stumps:

'What luck?'

'Pretty good.'

'How many?'

'I have n't counted.'

'I lifted the lid, and, removing the green parsley, rolled over the emollient mass in my hands. He had taken fifty-two — a sporting-basket well-filled, as many as there are weeks in a year, as many as there are cards in a pack — all these while I was angling in the clouds, and wasting the time upon celestial saw-mills.

We washed our hands, and took a drink of grape-blood, and (as Sandwich Island was overflowed) a substantial repast beneath some sheltering boughs. We started out again and fished until the sun sank low. One hundred and twenty fine trouts was the sum-total of the day's sport. But in the afternoon I lost my hooks. How many I caught I will tell if the court rules. St. GEORGE had met with a sad accident, which it is almost indelicate to name. He had come in contact with a sharp splinter, and torn — it would have taken eight tailors to mend them — but his temper was unruffled. He took a well-filled carpet-bag, retired into the secesy of the adjoining woods, and came forth new-panoplied, clean stockings, clean shirt, dry shoes, and span-new breeches. As we returned homeward through the splendid scenery of the mountains, the setting sun shone upon the falling rain, and we saw the rainbow clearly defined, not in front of us, but on our left hand, with its base resting on a meadow.

F. W. S.

A NECESSARY WORD TO NEW CORRESPONDENTS. — Have n't we said, 'for a time, times, or half a time,' that we cannot take upon ourselves to return communications from unknown correspondents? It would require half our working-hours to comply with requisitions in this regard. Moreover, we wish to remark, in respect to those who send us 'hurried' contributions, in prose or verse, that the 'hurry' is entirely on their own side. We are never waiting for matter of any kind. A year's supply, at the very least, is always waiting for us. Asking us to 'correct' articles, too, to make them press-worthy, seems to us a not over-modest proposition, from whomsoever it may come. We wish our correspondents everywhere to 'do their *best*' before they forward their literary ventures. Our *readers* — and they cannot be less than a hundred and fifty thousand every month — *expect* this at our hands. We have much verse sent us that is in no respect 'poetry.' Do but think, that to write poetry, you must *feel* — to describe, you must *observe*. Thoughts peeping from beneath cumbrous word-ornaments that over-load their littleness are too common in much of the verse which is sent us. Take CAMPBELL, BURNS, BYRON — take HALLECK, BRYANT, LONGFELLOW — and remark, that in their most renowned efforts, human *feeling* and pictured *action* are their potent concomitants. *Mere* descriptions of nature, without the associations of humanity, are tame reading, either in prose or verse. 'Look into thy *heart* and write,' is as good advice as ever was given by one poet to another.

INTERMINGLED LEAVES OF GOSSIP AND TRAVEL. — There was an unwonted juiciness about our heart — something more akin to the enlivening excitements of younger days, than we have often experienced — when, on the sixth day of July, we left New-York, with an old and esteemed friend and neighbor, for a trip to what had always seemed to us to be the distant 'West.' And here let us venture upon a 'remark:' namely, that persons who can compass much travel, and see all they desire to see, can hardly appreciate the delight with which those less favored enjoy an *occasional* excursion beyond the scenes and duties of home. Moreover, how little idea one derives of places from mere description, or from engraved scenes or maps! When, some years ago, we visited Mackinaw, the Saut Ste. Marie, etc., we had thenceforth a new interest in every thing we had seen there, and on our voyage thither. A marine casualty in Thunder or Saginaw bays, on the glorious Huron, is not *now* passed unscanned in the morning paper. We have *been there*, and the remembered scene is almost a renewal of the visit. And so of great rivers, and the hitherto unvisited cities upon their banks. But let us pursue our 'travel's history.' It was a lovely morning, clear and cool, when we stepped into the spacious cars of the New-York and Erie Rail-road for Dunkirk, on Lake Erie. It seems to us more and more every time we pass over its grand course and its vast extent, that the New-York and Erie Rail-road must be the most magnificent thoroughfare of its kind in the world. The scenery encountered on its track is of every variety of quiet beauty and almost terrible sublimity. And these are so continually alternating, that the eye and thought are kept constantly engaged. If you are permitted, as we very kindly were, to ride in the open, airy baggage-car, or upon the engine itself, with such an accomplished and veteran engineer as 'JOE MCGINNIS' — whose very attitude as, standing stiffly up, he 'governs the ventages' of his powerful steam-hippogriff, might make a study for a sculptor — you will see every thing to the best advantage. Nor, if you have witnessed the same scenes before, will they be less attractive to you. On the contrary, it seems to us that their attractions *increase* with every successive trip which one makes over the road. When, or how, can any one *ever* become tired of looking down from 'awful heights' upon the beautiful valley of the Delaware, as you approach Port-Jervis, where three sovereign States meet; rushing meanwhile, as Mr. WEBSTER said in his speech at Dunkirk, 'over the tops of the loftiest trees, and along the summits of towering mountains.' Or the lovely valley of the Susquehanna, as that silver river, set in the purest emerald green, bursts upon the enchanted sight, amidst such structures of man's hand as the 'Cascade Bridge,' and the long, lofty and graceful stone viaduct, 'named of *Starucca*?' Or the long passage by the shores of the Delaware, the 'Glass-House Rocks,' where you look down as it were from a terrace along the tops of the Palisades of the Hudson, upon the ever-rolling stream; or the 'sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,' that delight the eye with beauty and richest promise: or the leagues

upon leagues of the piled products of surrounding forests, awaiting the fulfilment of their 'mission' of comfort and luxury, in many a distant home hereafter: *who*, we say, could ever become tired of seeing such scenes and such things as these? And we have left out of view, too, the pretty villages and flourishing towns that are strung, like white beads upon a rosary, along the seemingly-interminable iron line, and the remembered associations of former visits, which nestle in the heart as you sweep by pleasant dwellings, gleaming among the trees, toward whose sleeping inmates you send a blessing on the wings of the evening air. Such was *our* experience, 'any how;' and when we arrived at Dunkirk, four hundred and sixty-eight miles from home, at the *precise moment* given in the time-table — the whole day having been, as SHELLEY says, but 'one delight' — we 'blessed God and took courage;' together with a lunch of bread-and-butter, nice ham, a piece of well-baked apple-pie, and a '*nip*' with our friend at starting, of a character of *eau-de-vie* which, in the moderate quantity of which we partook it, could not have hurt a child unborn. 'So it was that we departed' by the 'South-Shore Road' for Cleveland. - - - We congratulate the reading public, at this 'heated term,' that in '*Bits of Blarney*,' an Irish volume by Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, just about to issue from the press, they will find a specific against the terrible malady of 'Azure Demons,' 'Vis Inertia,' and all kindred disorders. It consists of legends, stories, accounts of eccentric Irish characters, etc., with a sketch of GRATTAN and a memoir of O'CONNELL. '*It will take*,' is the best phrase in which we can prophesy the certain success of this book. In the present month will also appear a new edition of the '*Life of Curran*,' edited by his son, but considerably enlarged by Dr. MACKENZIE, with notes, numerous racy anecdotes, etc. It will be in one volume, and accompanied by a superb portrait, hitherto unpublished. This also will prove a popular book. - - - Buzz! slap! buzz! slap! — there lies the body of the *First Mosquito of the Season*; and if there are any more such, 'let 'em come in — we're armed!' We never surrender to such cowardly foes; fellows who approach you singing a lively air, stab you in the dark, and then sneak off, leaving you to scratch out their visit from the tablets of your memory if you can. Our western friend, 'Major RED PEPPER,' of the United States' Government Service, has expressed our 'views' exactly:

'To a "Skeeter."

'MELTING I heard, yet till the sun's decline,
Prolonged the feast, and quaffed the rosy wine.'—*ODYSSEY: BOOK X.*

'I HATE a "SKEETER" as I do the devil:
It is a very flying fly of evil.
You're dunned for ever by its bill of fare,
And fairly over-done, or done too rare.
It keeps on buzzing with its busy wings;
It keeps on coming, coming while it sings;
It keeps on singing, singing — now it *stings*!
See how the 'critter' quaffs the 'rosy wine,'
The rich, red vintage — yours, my friend, and mine.

'Is this, Ulysses / our inglorious lot?'
 A 'running stream' for 'skeeter'-bites, or not?
 By the fair Circe, No! I'll kill the sot,
 And knock the vampire, vanquished, 'into pot!'
 'T is done! With one fell blow I struck her,
 And there she lies — a used-up 'sucker!'

'U. S. L. O., Kaloo, Mich., July 17, '55, 4 P. M. } — and 'awful hot' at that!

'P. S. — If any body thinks that's easy rhyming,
 Just let 'em 'try their hand,' and keep on trying.
 You'll find, I guess, mosquitoes in the mood
 To spur you on, and test your gentle blood:
 And every now and then, to quaff their fill,
 They'll bore you with their pretty little drill,
 And then, to square accounts, *present their bill!*'

'Down with all 'skeeters!' is *our* slogan. - - - 'WESTWARD the course of'
 'Old KNICK,' and his fellow-traveller took its way, on the smooth track of
 the Lake Erie 'South-Shore Road,' of which we may say a word by-and-by.
 Erie, that troublous town, we passed in the dark: the lights in the rush-
 ing cars grew dim; some passengers slept soundly; others lifted up their
 voices in nasal concert, above the rush, and roar, and racket, and rumble of
 the train. Now we saw in our dream — for we had caught the prevalent
 drowsy infection — that it was the gray of the morning; and after a little,
 the level plateau, as you approach Cleveland, stretched beautifully toward
 the lake, with rich fields of grain; oats and wheat in broad alternate stripes
 in the same extended inclosure — a thing we never saw before, but which
 we subsequently found was a common practice among the farmers of Ohio;
 but of the philosophy thereof, we confess our ignorance. What do they do
 it for? Presently we rumbled into the northern 'out-squirt' of the 'Forest
 City;' a locality now crowded with great rail-road dépôts, with tracks ra-
 diating over all the West and South. When we were last in Cleveland none
 of these were there. We walked out to the end of the long pier; saw the
 sun rise upon the blue-green waters of old Erie, whose waves a glorious
 breeze was rolling in 'sounding foam' over the ragged granite barrier;
 lamented that we could n't go up into the beautiful city and surprise our friend
 S — with an early 'morning-call;' took a good breakfast in a hotel on
 piers over the lake, and heard the dash of the waters beneath us as we sipped
 our coffee; and then 'took rail' for Shelby. - - - 'In your travels,'
 writes a Troy correspondent, 'possibly you may have met the late Doctor
 H — N, of Northern New-York. He was one of the wittiest men to be
 found among our 'diggings.' But few could gain an advantage over him in re-
 partee, and seldom did he allow any one to have the last word. While pass-
 ing through a street in one of our large cities, he was accosted by an old
 acquaintance, whom he immediately recognized. The Doctor, with his usual
 politeness, grasped his hand and gave it an old-fashioned squeeze, remarking
 at the same time, that 'it afforded him a great deal of pleasure, now and
 then, to shake an honest man's hand.' The gentleman had had a business
 transaction with the Doctor, in which he thought he had been wronged, and
 not feeling very friendly, he instantly responded: 'Well, Doctor, I wish I
 could say the same of you.' The Doctor promptly replied: 'Well, friend

B —, if you had lied, as I did, you could!' B — left, perfectly convinced that he had met his match, and that two 'shakes' were equal to a 'fever.' He never 'forgot' nor 'forgave.' - - - 'MATTERS and things' along the rail-road from Cleveland to Shelby, Ohio, did n't strike us as in any way remarkable. The soil appeared to be moderately good; but stumps, and girdled trees, sparse crops, and white-headed children, patches of grass, and old well-sweeps, are the prominent objects that arrest the eye of the passing traveller. Our journey was much enlivened, however, by an interview which we had with the 'Great GYASTACUTAS' of the Order of '*E Clamsis Vitas*,' of Cincinnati. This 'Order' has heretofore enrolled among its transient members many persons whose *specialités* have recommended them as preëminent candidates for its honors. It is difficult of access; while its rites of initiation are unique, and by all new members, especially, considered to be very *imposing*. We relied upon the 'Great GYASTACUTAS' for the initiatory ritual or programme: but it would appear that by a bye-law of the Order no member, not even the PRESIDENT himself, can do more than to *promise* to furnish it to an 'outside barbarian,' sitting in darkness. We desired it very much; and hereby offer the 'hailing-sign of distress' for the same, to any of the 'initiated' who can furnish it. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' But the soft and musical '*hoot! hoot!*' and seraphic squeal of the steam-whistle announces 'SHELBY!' - - - The following letter from COLERIDGE to a friend in London, accompanying a copy of one of his works, is copied from the renowned poet's own hand-writing:

'Oct. 12, 1832.

'MY DEAR WILLIAMS: This work has risen in public estimation since the time that it fell apparently dead-born from the press, and for a series of years continued in a state of suspended animation — the greater part of this edition having been sold off by the desponding publishers for waste-paper. Such has not been the case, my dear friend, with *your* character in *my* respect and regard. The best compliment I can pay you) and it is a high compliment) is, that what you *were*, when you first received these tragedies, you *continue* to be. And so, likewise, do the regard and respect of your old friend,

'Grave, Highgate.

S. T. COLERIDGE.'

Very COLERIDGEIAN in thought and style. - - - MISS ANGELINA EUPHROSZYNE TUTT has written a *second* letter to our 'pearles Pote,' 'Mr. K. N. PEPPER, Esq.' The 'Great Bard' is paying the penalty of 'Genius.' Can the afflicted 'TUTT' suppose for one moment that *the* PEPPER can amplify upon *feeling*, once expressed, in the same direction? Impossible! As we have said, 'he is himself *alone*.' he can have no satellites to reflect his glory or imitate his course. He cannot be 'lionized.' - - - FIND us, please, on the Mansfield and Sandusky Rail-road, journeying *toward* the Ohio River at Portsmouth — immediate stopping-place, Newark, Ohio — destination for the night and next day, Somerset, Perry county. We stood up in the open baggage-car almost the whole distance from Shelby to Newark: and well were we rewarded by the agricultural and village-views which we obtained from either side. Newark is a fine town, well situated, lively, full of business: with good hotels, and an air of *healthy* thrift, that cannot be mistaken.

The same may be said of the cheerful, long-stretching town of Mansfield, and o'er-topping Mount-Vernon, both very charming and flourishing places, as seen from the rail-road, which — and a great draw-back it is in the eyes of the admiring traveller — passes along only the outskirts of each. In a pause in our wonder at the vast fields of wheat, and oats, and corn, that we were constantly passing, we were made acquainted with a fact which made us think that they want some *Americans* in the neighborhood of Sebastopol. Mr. GREINER, of the 'Mansfield Artillery,' (Captain M'MULLEN,) a passenger on board, was introduced to us by the obliging and well-informed conductor, who incidentally mentioned, that in a recent excursion to Sandusky, the corps under the direction of Mr. GREINER *loaded and fired seven guns in sixteen seconds!* And we saw the fact stated subsequently in the editorial columns of the Sandusky '*Morning Mirror*,' as having been witnessed and timed by the editor himself! Such *quick* shooting would be likely to be '*sharp* shooting.' The 'Allies' want such men! - - - GREATLY did we lament, while at Louisville, that we could not bear two esteemed friends company in a visit which they were on the very eve of making to the delightful town of Madison, Wisconsin, of which, on our way westward, we had heard 'good exclamation' from various travellers, whenever a beautiful town, *elsewhere*, happened to be mentioned with admiration. How much we lost, may be gathered from the subjoined extract of a letter from one of the friends to whom we have alluded :

'If you knew every thing, you would be sorry that you did not accept our invitation. The day we left you in Louisville, we did not meet with any scenery very striking, and we spent the day in reflecting on *that bear story* which you told us. My confidence in your veracity is shown by the fact that I did *try* to believe it! * We tarried in Indianapolis that night, and about noon the next day, went on northward. After passing Lafayette and the Tippecanoe Battle-Ground, we came to the Grand Prairie. Did you ever see one of these great prairies? If not, imagine the ocean *terrified*, and you have it. A flat prairie may be very sublime, but it is exceedingly dull, after you recover from the first impression. DE QUINCEY says that sublime things *are* dull. Imagine the vast embodied LEVEL for ever stretching out before you! I should as soon think of building my house on the Atlantic Ocean as on such a place. These prairies, however, are adorned with the most beautiful flowers: great masses of red and yellow present themselves on every side. We saw also large flocks of grouse; and we thought if the train would stop awhile, we might shoot some of them. We mentioned the matter to the conductor, and he said that 'some of the passengers — for there were always *some* cross-grained people who would oppose *any* thing — might object!'

'The next town at which we stopped was Chicago, a place which is growing so rapidly that the omnibuses can't go as fast as the streets do. In Chicago you hear of nothing but real estate. People are unhappy till they buy, and remain unhappy until they sell. Any thing that offers a speculation is called in the Chicagoese language 'a good thing,' and they are going about doing 'good things' from morning till night. A man that has 'no *speculation* in his eyes' is considered as dead as BANQUO.

'The next evening we arrived at this place. I feel convinced that this place was once called EREN; but in the language of mortals, it is now called MADISON. I have been looking about to find EVE's bower; but there are so many places that seem to answer the description, that I am unable to decide between the rival claimants.

* TRUE, just as sure as you live. Ask Colonel S — : ask Mayor SEVIER, of Boston, if they did n't hear it from the sonorous lips of 'Old H —' himself, on the Big Mundy.

'Madison is situated on rising ground, between two little lakes, as lovely as a fairy dream. Indeed I consider Fairy-land a very prosaic sort of place in comparison with this. On one side is Lake Mendota, nine miles long, and six wide; on the other is Monona, about three miles by five. The space between the lakes, on which the town is built, is from three-fourths of a mile to a mile in width. Around the town, stretching away in every direction, is a beautifully undulating country, consisting of prairies and 'oak-openings.' These 'oak-openings' are said to bear a great resemblance to the English park scenery. The town is situated on undulating ground. The University buildings are on the highest ground, and when completed, will present a most imposing appearance. The Capitol is admirably situated in a lovely square of fourteen acres, covered with forest-trees. From the top of the 'Capital House'—which, by the bye, is a *capital* house in more senses than one—the visitor has a splendid view.

'The enterprise and energy of the Madisonians are absolutely astonishing. The hills and valleys look at them with suspicion. If a hill sees a Madisonian take a 'rail-road look' at it, it begins to sink at once. In the language of the coon to Captain SCORR, it says: 'I might as well come down.' When a mere visitor has been in Madison for a few days, if he looks rather intently at a valley, it begins to 'swell up.' Madison contains about nine thousand *souls*, and I believe this includes the whole population; for, judging from appearances, I should say that every individual has a soul. Well, among these nine thousand, there was a gas-company formed last January. On the evening of our arrival, the town was lighted with gas! They have determined to have water-works; and if you should come this way in a few weeks, do not be surprised if you see NERUNE and all his Tritons spouting here. There is one man here who is worth more than a gold mine to the place. A great deal of ink is wasted in laudations of politicians: I wish more were employed in setting forth the merits of such men as Ex-Governor FARWELL. Then ambition, instead of urging young men into politics, would lead them to become useful members of society. Governor FARWELL refuses the highest offices in the State, in order to make himself useful in a private station. He is continually engaged in planning useful works. His love of the beautiful is so great that he cannot even build a mill without giving it architectural beauty. I hope you will not consider it a pun when I say, that any place which has a FARWELL, must fare well.

'Madison is destined to be a resort for those who wish to retire from the turmoil of business. Around these beautiful lakes there will be seen many a lovely home reflected in the clear waters. Those to whom the bustle of Newport and Saratoga gives no recreation, will be delighted to come to such a place as this. N. B.'

Madison must be 'a gem.' - - - 'One moment, if you please:' sorry to interrupt ye; but 'ye kno' that when one is travelling one is obliged to *get on*, don't ye see? Thank ye.' Well, we are at Somerset, Perry county, Ohio, at an hospitable mansion. It is Sunday, and the village is quiet. The streets are grass-grown and still. Churches there are, of different denominations, a-going: two Catholic, a Catholic female seminary under the very droppings of *one* sanctuary, and within three miles, another very handsome Catholic church, and a large and well-built Catholic college. It seemed strange, to a northern eye, to find in this sequestered section of Ohio such evidences of the 'spread' of the petticoat of the 'Scarlet Woman.' But hold on: let us begin again. Was n't that a pleasant morning in which, after bidding the kind ladies of the household good-bye, who had done so much to make our stay one of uninterrupted enjoyment, we set forth, in private conveyances, upon an excursion to the coal and iron mines of South-eastern Ohio? We were all 'fresh and vigorous with rest, we were animated with hope, and we saw the hills gradually rising before us.' 'That's so,'

any how: for it was *all* up-hill, so far as we remember. It was stated, toward the close of our journey, that in going back the way we came, it would be found mainly down-hill. We do n't believe a word of it. There is not a rod of down-hill in any part of this section of Ohio; and the level which the '*Scioto and Hocking Valley Rail-Road*' engineers 'snooped' round and found out, has n't 'a *parallel*' in all the adjacent region. By the way, let us say a word or two here touching this same road, which is to open the rich treasures of iron and coal that hereabout abound, to the cheap and illimitable use of the public. We quote from the letter of a writer in the New-York '*Daily Times*,' whom we travelled with, and have known since boyhood:

'But first let me mention the means by which these surpassingly rich treasures from the bowels of the earth are to be made accessible to the public. The Scioto and Hocking Valley Rail-road, when completed, will be the medium by which all this will be accomplished. This road, of which Messrs. SILAS SEYMOUR, MOORE AND COMPANY are the energetic contractors, runs from Newark to Portsmouth, on the Ohio River. Forty-four miles, from Portsmouth to Jackson, are already completed, and doing a very large and paying business, in transporting the pig-iron which is made from the abundant iron-ore, of the best quality, found at different places along the line of the road—at its upper half especially. The ninety miles of this road, now under construction, are far advanced, and will, when completed, do an extensive business in transporting coal and iron, and the abounding agricultural productions which are the wonder and admiration of the traveller along every mile of the route. The road passes through the flourishing villages of Somerset, Logan, and McArthur, the county-seats of Perry, Logan, and Vinton—the very heart of the mineral region of Ohio. It connects at Newark with the Mansfield and Sandusky Rail-road, running from Newark to Sandusky City and Lake Erie, a distance of one hundred and twenty-six miles, and also at the same place with the Zanesville and Columbus Rail-road, and at Shelby with the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati Rail-road. Moreover, it connects at McArthur with the Marietta and Cincinnati Rail-road, and at Jackson with the Hillsborough and Cincinnati Rail-road. Such are the connections and such the road that will open to the use of thousands upon thousands hereafter the mineral riches that now sleep undisturbed in the beds of ore and coal of a thousand hills—hills, too, of easy slope, and unlike other mining regions, not unproductive, but with all their treasures below, covered with fertile soil, and waving with luxuriant crops of corn and wheat and oats, to their very summits.'

We quote again from the same tourist, simply proffering a correction of the only mistake into which the writer has fallen. It was *not* the beautiful coal from the Straitsville mine (although that coal makes the best gas in the world) that was burnt in the flame of a candle in his presence, but specimens of *cannel-coal*, veins of which, of the usual thickness, are frequently found in this part of Ohio, and of the very finest quality:

'The coal mines are *wonderful*. That is certainly the least that can be said of them. Although I saw several mines—in fact they are to be seen in all directions, 'cropping out,' as it is called, from the easy slopes of entirely accessible hills—I visited but one, which was at Straitsville, in the county of Perry. I shall endeavor to describe it to you, and the description of this one will answer for all in its immediate neighborhood, which present the same general characteristics: The vein of the Straitsville mine is on the side of a high hill, of a gradual slope, approached by a good road, with a slight descending grade. The mine opens on a level with the road, and you enter it as easily as you could go in at the door of a house. We took candles, and penetrated the mine

some three hundred feet. For twelve feet up and down, on both sides, is the first exhaustless view of the most beautiful coal I ever 'set eyes on.' The magnitude of the deposit is astonishing; for beneath this vein there is another of kindred extent, containing the same kind of coal. It quarries in blocks that are positively handsome to look at. Take a sharp axe or knife, and it will split like a piece of pine into long pieces; and you hold one of them in the flame of a candle and it takes fire instantly, and burns with a bright blaze, like a pine-torch! And so clean is it that you may rub a cambric handkerchief upon the split pieces, and it will not soil it in the least. It makes the very best of coke for making iron, being superior, in the proper qualities, to charcoal, as two to one. It is estimated from actual survey, by experienced and practical miners, that there are eighteen thousand tons to the acre in one tract of this coal region, equal to an amount of *twelve millions three hundred and seventy-five thousand tons!*

'Or the iron-ore beds, it is hardly necessary to speak. Blast-furnaces, of the most solid architecture, constructed of hewn stone, are built and building in all the mineral region. Iron-ores, in high and broad banks, are encountered all along the line; and pig-iron piled up like the long piles of cord-wood for railways, is seen upon the sides of the roads, and crowding the available spaces about the dépôts. The iron is literally *inexhaustible*, and pronounced by the best practical iron-workers to be of the very richest quality — in the words of one of the most extensive, being 'worth five dollars more per ton than any other pig-iron brought to the market at Pittsburgh.'

WHILE at Logan, a small but pleasant village on the Hocking river, we were kindly invited to visit the *Pig-Iron Furnace* of MESSRS. ROBERTS AND JAMIESON. It was nearly twelve o'clock at night; and as the molten ore rolled, mass after mass, from the mouth of the burning pit, and lighted up with a pale white glow the faces of the visitors, the scene seemed like the very vestibule of — a place which our readers have heard of, but which we decline to mention more specifically. This establishment is very profitable, and the quality of its iron of the first order. Much should we like to speak of the quaint little village of McArthur, and certain 'fun' that our party of 'good fellows' — substantial business men, of sound common-sense, and great energy of character, but 'good fellows' *besides* — had there and at Jackson, the *then* northern terminus of the Scioto and Hocking Valley Railroad; a lively and pleasant place, where we passed a memorable night, in company with not a few choice spirits, of eminent local standing and general distinction. The bed-rooms of the hotel where we 'put up' opened outdoors upon a piazza, overlooking the best vegetable garden we ever beheld. 'Sech saase!' No wonder the attentive landlord gave us so good a dinner and breakfast; he could n't help it, with such matchless vegetables. Stop, reader, if you should be journeying in that direction, and *test* our 'good report.' You'll find it true. - - - 'OUR Mr. LEOPOLD,' mentioned below, a smiling POLE, accompanied by an interpreter, a boy of 'parts,' who said that all '*respectable* families' took three cakes of the 'Siccative,' called upon us at our summer sanctum. We invested three shillings for *one* cake, thus jeopardizing the 'respectability' of our family. After purchase, the lad said that all buyers were expected to place their names in a leather-covered blank-book which he had, to be shown to the proprietors. 'Old KNICK.' was willing; and our neighbors were surprised to learn that 'G. HOSHA-

PHAT,' living near by, had 'patronized the article,' and 'saâ-id it vas vaäry g-o-o-d-s!' This '*Sicative Marvellcaux*,' a 'new discovery,' is thus announced:

'We have the honor to advertize, that we, just arrived, from Paris with this our new article, already known everywhere gloriously, and of course desired by every body acquainted with it, are ready to make also the citizens of the United States acquainted with this very estimable article, extremely precious for any possessor of furnitures, etc.

'One will be enabled to restore the whole furnitures of a house as quite new, with this Sicative within one hour, by but one person; also to give colour to one's liking, as likewise a very fair splendour: in short extremely surprising to every one who has the intention to restore furnitures, marble, etc., as good as new. Every body is able to use it without weariness.

'DIRECTIONS.—Take a little of this Sicative and smear it upon a piece of woollen cloth: then rub the furnitures until it become dry: after this, take another dry cotton cloth, and quite rub lightly over it, and you shall gain a color and brightness as you had never seen before.

'PRICE of the dozen boxes	\$3
half dozen	\$1 75
quarter dozen	\$1 00

'Our Traveler, Mr. LEOPOLD, has the honor to make you acquainted with this Sicative.'

The *dépôts* of 'This Sicative,' which obtained the '*Medaille D'Honneur*' at the London exhibition, are: Montmartre, Paris; Finsbury Square, London; and Broadway, New-York. *Vive la Bagatelle! — et vive la Sicative Marvellcaux et Extraordinaire!* - - - Our journey of some fifty miles 'by rail,' from Jackson to Portsmouth, on the Ohio river, was speedily and pleasantly accomplished. Iron mines and good farms alternated along the way, and now and then occurred a distant sweep of landscape, full of quiet beauty. About six miles from Portsmouth, we caught the first far-off view of the banks, and 'glints' of the waters of the Ohio! Soon we were rushing along its margin, and presently safely and comfortably housed at the '*Bigg's Hotel*,' upon its very banks. And *that* is the Ohio river:

'Row, brothers, row,
Going down the O-hi-o!'

Let us lean out of the window, and observe its characteristics. How strangely they strike one who remarks them for the first time! The water is low, and is a quarter of a mile from the street, which has frequently been its boundary at high water. Yes; it is mighty quiet and peaceable *now*; quite 'down in the mouth,' even, at Cairo, seven hundred miles away, where it joins the Mississippi, and 'weakly' at Pittsburgh, four hundred miles *up* stream: but look at the trees, and logs, and flood-wood, and *débris* of flat-boats scattered all along down the edges of the pale-brown flood: *these* tell the story. Wait till 'Miss BELLE RIVIERE' gets excited; when Alleghany rushes to her assistance, and 'Big Sandy' comes blustering down, and 'Little Sandy' to help him; and 'Kanhawa' interferes; and shocking 'Hocking dashes in; and big and little 'Mundy' 'go in for a free fight' with the rest: *then* comes the explanation of all these ragged banks and trees, and logs, and flood-wood, and wrecks; and yet on she goes, seven hundred miles from *this* place, 'taking up collections' at every point of her journey, and receiving large and small watery 'deputations' from a vast landed consti-

uency on either side. How curiously the steam-boats look, too, to a stranger-eye! Huge, high-pressure, four-story structures, puffing and blowing like porpoises; some 'making a long arm' out behind, and turning an old-fashioned grist-mill wheel, with infinite splash and noise; others paddling at the sides, with wheels out of sight; all the machinery visible, and the bituminous fire and blackest smoke rolling from the immense pipes and staining all the air! But of the Ohio, 'more anon.' - - - There are places of historic interest in the neighborhood whence we scribble, that we intend shall be more widely known; and among these, of short and easy access, is 'Old Tappaan-Town,' where are WASHINGTON's Head-Quarters in the Revolution, and the 'Stone-House of Seventy-Six,' where ANDRE was confined, and from which he went forth to his execution. This latter place has recently passed into the hands of a capable and appreciative possessor. Captain WILLIAM J. FOLGER, late of Piermont, Rockland county, (of whom we lately made mention in these pages, as a persevering and talented artist,) has taken this interesting old relic of 'the times that tried men's souls,' and is fitting up in an appropriate style, for a place of public resort, where the visitor can refresh his patriotism, and at the same time his 'inner man,' in the most unexceptionable manner. The edifice, as nearly as possible, will be preserved in its original state. It is the proprietor's intention to replace the old partition which formerly crossed the dining-room, and which constituted '*Major Andre's Room*;' but if this cannot be done, he will paint an interior view of it, in connection with the furniture used by him at that time, which will at least preserve the keeping of the memorable apartment. 'The thoughtless person who took it down,' said Captain FOLGER, 'almost deserves the fate of ANDRE himself for his lack of patriotism.' The walls of the bar-room and dining-room are to be painted with landscapes, etc., representing revolutionary scenes and events, appertaining to the immediate neighborhood. The hall and parlor will be preserved as they were when they were made sacred by the footsteps of WASHINGTON and his illustrious compatriots. In process of time a fine open pleasure-garden, adorned with shrubbery, with arbors in which the visitor may imbibe an ice-cream or a refreshing julep, will be added. WASHINGTON's Head-Quarters, and the place where ANDRE was executed, buried and exhumed, are little more than a stone's-throw from the place, which now bears the name of '*The Major-Andre-House*.' It will be well kept, and cannot fail to become a place of very frequent resort. Military companies from the city, and patriotic citizens 'out of the ranks,' will find it to richly reward a visit, and after coming once, they will come again. Nor should they omit, while on their way to Tappaan from Piermont, to stop at the quiet and well-kept road-side inn of Mr. RIKER HERRING, where may be seen a relic of the 'olden time,' in a cherry clothes-press, or wardrobe; a cumbrous and antique piece of furniture, descended from his progenitors, which bears the marks of the butt-ends of the muskets of the 'Red Coats,' who beat in its doors; at the same time using their bayonets to rip open feather-beds, and scatter their contents about the floor, with 'a perfect looseness.' - - - We crossed the Ohio with a friend, and when we touched the opposite shore, we took off our hat and

saluted the 'good old Kentucky State' of DANIEL BOONE, and HENRY CLAY, and many another brave and gifted son! Ascending a precipitous hill, which rises some seven hundred feet directly opposite Portsmouth, we obtained a splendid view of this large and flourishing town of some ten thousand inhabitants, and the noble country by which it is surrounded. If the western bard had been with us who

——— 'Gazed upon the Great Scioto,
And wondered where its waters go to,'

one 'wonder' would have 'ceased' at any rate, for here is where it throws itself into the embraces of the Ohio. A glorious valley it waters, richest of the rich in fertility, and stretching, olive-green, for some thirty miles away to the north. Looking southwardly, nothing at this point meets the eye save the rich rounded wood-crowned hills of 'Old Kaintuck.' We saw one of the 'Hunters of Kentucky,' plucked a graceful branch of the paw-paw fruit, and made our way back across the river. Now, 'down the Ohio to CINCINNATI!' Will you go along with us? - - - '*Olive Leaflets*' is the pretty title of attractive stories written by ladies, some of whom are writers of high standing. They are intended for distribution among children; and we hope ladies will supply themselves with these sweet-breathing lessons of love and kindness, to make glad the children in the railway-car, or scatter among those just let loose from country-schools. They are for sale at only ten cents a packet of sixty 'Leaflets.' - - - 'Going down the O-hi-o' from Portsmouth, in a staunch steamer, of a fine afternoon, is agreeable voyaging. When late twilight comes on, and the roundings and points of the river are indistinct, and only large masses of shadow are thrown upon the still waters, which reflect the silvery glory of the not-yet-faded day-sky, *then* the Ohio justifies its title of 'beautiful.' We watched it until the crescent moon 'walked forth into the night,' and then 'turned in' to our state-room; which, by the way, opened not only into the beautiful saloon, but out by another door, with a neat blind-door attached, upon a spacious piazza. This is a delightful feature of the western steamers, and might well be imitated in eastern waters. In the first gray of dawn, 'all shaven and shorn,' and coolly toileted, we were sitting in an arm-chair, in the bracing morning breeze, in front of our state-room, rapidly approaching the great metropolis of Ohio. The northern shore begins to rise in gradual acclivities, along which you see the grape-vine-yards, green and flaunting, to their summits. Presently a low-hanging cloud of smoke appears along the north-west: a long village commences extending its apparently interminable line westward: you pass some twenty huge steamers, which you find are 'laid up in ordinary,' as it were in an hospital: you begin to wonder, 'Can *this*, after all, be Cincinnati?' when a sudden bend in the river brings you in sight of THE CITY! — a sight that you will not forget in a hurry. - - - THE following note from an old friend will explain itself. We have received the instrument 'in good order and well-conditioned.' We removed the ventages, gave it breath with our mouth, and it did discourse most eloquent music. Look you, this

is one of the 'stops:' for here we 'dry up,' and let our friend's note come in:

'Batavia, (N.Y.) August 10, 1855.

'MY DEAR SIR: I observe in the KNICKERBOCKER for last month an article (favorably introduced by you) from the Buffalo *Daily Courier*, in regard to the manufacture of a *Pig-tail Whistle*, by Professor WILLIAM B. HICKOX, of this village.

'Having 'taken sides' upon this important topic, and laid yourself liable to the doubts of city friends, as to the correctness of your position, Mr. HICKOX deems it a duty, and at the same time a pleasure, to place in your hands the necessary evidence to overwhelm all opposition.

Yours truly,

LUCAS BEAVER.

'LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, Esquire.

'P. S. — It is due to the *artist* that his name should in future be correctly printed.

'DIRECTIONS. — Before *whistling*, the small plug, or '*thorax-protector*,' should be removed; and great care should be used in replacing the plug after use, that the original purity of tone may be protected and preserved.'

We term this musical instrument the '*Swinette-à-Pist'on*,' after the '*cor-net*' of that name. It has the original kink '*au naturel*,' is ornamented with a blue satin ribbon, and will sound to the compass of 'F' above the register' with ease. It 'goes good' with 'the bones,' which 'Young KNICK.' plays *à merveille*. We had a concerted piece the other night, with the assistance of the girls at the piano, and the 'First Banjo' from the Academy of Music. A 'staccato passage' from the '*Swinette*' was greatly admired by the most *distingué* artists present. - - - 'WHAT a wonderful place,' says the tourist of the '*Daily Times*,' 'is Cincinnati! Distrust nothing that is told you of it; for its marvellous extent and *astonishing New-Yorkness* can scarcely be exaggerated. In its streets of tall, wide, and architecturally '*distinguished*' buildings, believe me, it has not its equal out of New-York, that I have ever seen. Its numerous public buildings, also, are in keeping with all this.' This is *true*, 'whoever wrote it or not.' As you turn the bend in the river, of which we have spoken, the long lines of steamers, 'nosed on' to the shore, (like a crowd of alligators at an anxious meeting for securing the same land-prey on the bank,) or lying beside the floating-docks that rise and sink with high or low water — some 'up' for St. Paul's, some for St. Louis, some for New-Orleans, thousands of miles away: the extended rows of lofty ware-houses; the streets of New-York architecture, stretching into dimness; the high towers and steeples of the churches; the great dome of the BURNETT HOUSE; in short, the general vastness of the town, 'by and large,' takes the beholder entirely by surprise. We *expected* to find Cincinnati a large and flourishing place — but *such* a city, with two hundred thousand inhabitants and upward, with such streets, churches, public buildings, sumptuous private residences, etc., *this* was much more than even our imagination had 'bargained for.' We had opportunities to see the city from all points of view; from the richly-wooded park heights, crowned with splendid and hospitable private mansions, which environ it on one side, and from the eminences of the beautifully-situated city of Covington, which look down upon it from the other; and in every as-

pect, 'still the wonder grew' that such a city should have arisen like an exhalation within the life of many a young man in its ample borders. Why, even we, a mere chicken, remember well the time when the great covered wagons, crowded with 'furnitures,' with pots and kettles dangling beneath, first began to appear upon the old 'State Road' that then ran through Central New-York, all journeying to '*The 'Hio*,' as it was termed, a region until that time regarded as an almost 'undiscovered country.' We have spoken of the public buildings of Cincinnati. Let us, taking a single example, glance, in passing, at *one* — the hotel at which we are lodged — the 'BURNETT HOUSE.' There are others, we were informed, high in public favor — such, for example, as the spacious '*Spencer House*' — but 'THE BURNETT' is the house you 'read of' at this present. We have not in our own Great Metropolis a larger or more beautiful hotel. It was built of stone, from designs by the distinguished architect ROGERS, under a legislative charter, by a stock-company, 'without regard to expense,' in the fullest meaning of that common expression. From top to bottom, in the structure, in the furniture, in the adornments, in the dignity of space of its great and small parlors, halls, *suites* of rooms, and private rooms — in *all* its accessories, in short — there is *no sham*. But there it is: and as Mr. WEESTER said, 'Look at it.' It is a small but faithful picture of the great edifice, prepared for a work on the 'Progress of the Great Valley of the Mississippi.' Understand, that it is longer and wider than the Astor; that its drawing and dining-rooms are larger; its marble-tiled halls, reading-room, bar, etc., more spacious; and you will gain some idea of the extent and character of the establishment. We went over every portion of the vast concern. We essayed the 'run of the kitchen,' and saw how, by steam and other toil and time-saving processes, multitudinous guests, who might crowd the great *table d' hôte* and private parlors at one and the same time, could be supplied with all the 'luxuries of the season,' done 'to a turn,' and done *well*, without admixture of odors. Also the washing department and laundry — a 'house-full' of clean wet linen, *whirled dry* by countless revolutions of a machine which separates all the water from the clothes, and leaves them ready for the *last* 'operations,' which are similarly facilitated, by labor-saving improvements.* When all this is done, sit by a window, as

* We quote from a contemporary the following description of '*The Burnett*,' which is a 'curtailed abbreviation compressing all the particulars:'

'The main entrance, which is on Third-street, is through a magnificent portico in the Grecian style, ornamented with ten columns of the Ionic order: a terrace extends from each side in front of the main buildings and wings, which will accommodate a thousand persons. The bar or exchange room in the basement, and even with Third-street, is about eighty feet square, studded with Corinthian columns about two feet in diameter. The building is five stories in height: the halls, running over two hundred feet in length, are of high ceiling, and nine feet in width, giving the most airy walks and free ventilation.

'The structure is two hundred and twelve feet front on Third street, extending back two hundred and sixteen feet, having a large court in the centre of the building. The wings of the building extend from the main structure about thirty feet on Third street, forming the large parlors of the hotel, the ladies' parlor or drawing-room being fifty feet in length by forty feet in breadth, with a twenty feet ceiling, having ten large windows extending to the floor, from either of which persons may step out upon the terrace. This room requires three hundred yards of carpeting to cover the floors!

'The dining-room extends one hundred and ten feet by fifty feet in width, and seated, upon the

we did, in the hush of the first faint morning gloaming, and watch the long wagons enter the arched gate-way, which you see at the left of the engraving, opening into the wide oblong court within, filled with the fresh produce of the 'Burnett-House Farm,' some four miles distant; all gathered or picked within two hours; green corn, cucumbers, potatoes, 'water, mush, and other millions,' with the whole family of fruits. Well, such is the BURNETT HOUSE, of Cincinnati. Mr. A. B. COLEMAN is the competent and deservedly popular proprietor and manager. He is assisted by a brother who is 'like unto him': indeed, it is a fact that *all* the Brothers COLEMAN seem to have 'a gift' at making people 'at home' and happy under their roofs: witness the 'Troy House' in old days, and the 'ASTOR,' and 'BURNETT,' and 'Montreal Hotel' now-a-days. But 'still must we on.' - - SELDOM have we welcomed with more cordial pleasure a new publication, than '*The American Journal of Education and College Review*.' We might have known beforehand what it could not fail to be, in the hands of its editors, ABSALOM PETERS, D.D., and HENRY BARNARD, LL.D. Few persons in this country, certainly no one of his years, is more favorably known to the public as a promoter of '*education*,' in the very best sense, and in all the relations expressed by that term, than Mr. BARNARD. Aside from his long experience, his intuitive perceptions of the wants of the age in this regard, he has always seemed to us to possess a 'gift' in the promotion of the great object in which he has labored so faithfully and so successfully. His reputation has been extended abroad, as well as at home, not only by his personal visits and examinations, but by his works on '*School Architecture*' and '*National Education in Europe*,' which were warmly commended by the English reviews. As to Dr. PETERS, he has long been known to the American public as sustaining important and efficient relations to our religious and literary institutions, and as being, for several years, the distinguished editor of the '*American Biblical Repository*,' and of '*The American Eclectic*,' the plan of which last originated with him. The '*Journal and Review*' will be published monthly, with an average of eighty pages. The first year will be reckoned from the first of January, but the first number has been issued in advance, and will be ready for subscribers early in September. Mr. N. A. CALKINS, Number-Ten, APPLETON'S Building, is the publisher. - - - DOWN the Ohio, from Cincinnati to Louisville, is about a twelve hours' sail: and a very pleasant sail it is. Our boat was the '*Telegraph*, Number Three,' a mammoth steamer, we thought, until we passed the '*Jacob Strader*' on her way up; a superb boat, however, was *ours*, 'any way,' with an obliging captain, and a pilot who deserves

occasion of a recent entertainment, over seven hundred persons! The ladies' ordinary will seat two hundred and fifty persons, and is a gem of a room. The house contains three hundred and forty-two rooms, mostly large and spacious, and, strange to relate, *every* room is lighted and ventilated from without. One of the curiosities is the heating apparatus and the laundry department, in which there are renovated or washed about *three thousand pieces daily*, and with apparently very little help or confusion. The store-rooms and wine and liquor-cellars or vaults surpass any thing of the kind in the world. The kitchen is a museum: a feeling of delicacy at a supposed trespass, during the operation of business, caused us to hesitate, when the proprietor suggested that he *wished* an examination of that department by all who felt disposed. And well he might; for it was as clean and sweet as a parlor. Most persons think it will not do to look into the 'dirty culinary department,' but the most fastidious might safely do it in this case.

to preside over such a pilot-house as that of '*The Telegraph*': a large room, overlooking the river-banks and scenery on each side, with velvet-cushioned seats sufficiently extended to accommodate a partisan caucus in the most exciting political times; and from this eminence was afterward seen the dreadful night-collision between '*The Telegraph*' and '*The Old Kentucky Home*.' (What an interest is added to this incident, from our having, as we have said, 'been there,' and seen both steamers!) We passed the mouth of the Kentucky River, where was anchored a *Floating Circus*, with all the *matériel* and paraphernalia of a kindred land-establishment. Every now and then a signal from either shore would 'advise' of a passenger or two in waiting. Round went the steamer; out slipped the plank, guided by two swarthy deck-hands, with brawny arms, hairy legs, and rolled-up trowsers: the passengers came on board, and again we 'are off.' We pass 'HUNTER'S Bottom,' a most beautiful reach of fertile plantations, in the highest state of cultivation, with residences embosomed in trees, which cast their deep shadows upon grassy lawns, that lead down to the river's brink. In the dark we stop at Maysville, a favorite town of HENRY CLAY'S. Amidst the tarry smoke and wild glare of pine-torches, we land passengers—one of them a very beautiful 'Kentucky girl'—and are once more on our way. Presently a long bright line of lights, like the wharve-lamps of New-York seen at night from Hoboken, stretch away in the distance, apparently directly across the river. That is LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, at which place, having safely arrived, please find us, 'booked, bedded, and fast asleep.' Good night! We'll 'see you in the morning.' - - - We sympathize with our contemporary, PETERSON, of Philadelphia, who complains that original articles from his interesting magazine are copied without credit. We thought of the very same thing, when we saw on a near page of the same number the lines '*Poor Lone Hannah*,' written for, and published in the KNICKERBOCKER, and thence copied into half the journals of the Union, published with only an 'anonymous' acknowledgment. That our esteemed contemporary 'didn't mean to do it,' we are quite certain; but we thought we 'might as well mention it,' just for the fun of the thing. - - - DURING our stay in Cincinnati, we had the pleasure of a visit to the great wine-establishment of Mr. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, whose noble mansion and grounds have often been spoken of in the public journals. The day was intensely hot; but in the various vaults of the immense wine-house, one below the other, the air was delightfully temperate, and at the last, where the thermometer sank to some forty degrees, decidedly cool. Here were puncheons of the 'native juice' so vast, that the celebrated 'Malmsey Butt' might have rolled within them like a cork in a bottle. 'Why, they will hold as much as a house!' said one of our party; and the remark was scarcely an exaggeration. Beside these, here were, placed slantingly in racks, two hundred and thirty thousand bottles of sparkling and still Catawba, two of which made a 'good report' of themselves, as we were traversing the dark subterranean passages. The State of Ohio has had the wisdom to protect the native growth of the grape in her borders, and thus to substitute for spurious 'fire-waters' an innocent and

delicious beverage, which is destined to increase in popularity and circulation every year. No man in the United States has done so much for the cultivation of the grape as Mr. LONGWORTH, and he deserves therefor the thanks of the whole country. This gentleman, as is well known, has also been a liberal patron of American art, as numerous pictures in his fine collection abundantly attest. We saw in one of his parlors one of the first elaborate specimens of the sculptor POWERS' genius, dedicated affectionately to his 'first friend and patron.' It is simply an imaginary female head; but really, we cannot say that we ever saw any thing from the chisel of POWERS which, taken as a whole, excelled it. An examination of some rare pictures in another apartment, of a cabinet of fine mineral specimens, and a most agreeable interview with the resident members of Mr. LONGWORTH's family, put an end to a brief but most pleasant visit. - - - The following letter came to hand at the day of its date, but has been mislaid. It loses nothing by delay, and we insert it with pleasure. We are glad to know that our modest friend CARPENTER is making his way in the world: he is an artist of real merit. We wish to add our contribution to the anecdotes of this letter: one which is illustrative of the varied knowledge of Mr. Attorney-General CUSHING, and which was told us by one of his guests. At a dinner-party, at the close of the session, given by him to a few friends, Mr. Senator BRIGHT, of Indiana, was speaking of a span of horses he had bought, and which, he said, 'had just enough of the MORGAN blood in them to make them all he wished them to be. By the way, General,' addressing his host, 'do you know any thing of this MORGAN breed?' (We are not sure as to the name of this breed, but that does not mar the story.) 'Oh! yes,' said General CUSHING, and at once began a long ascending pedigree of grand-sires and grandams, greatly to the delight of BRIGHT, but somewhat wearisome to DOBBIN and others, who were not owners of any of the illustrious offspring. A pause was reached, and BRIGHT was about to ask another question, when Mr. Secretary DOBBIN interposed: 'Don't, do n't; leave off where you are, or he will tell us the number of hairs in every horse's tail!'

*Washington, March 30, 1855.

'DEAR KNICK: I have often thought perhaps a gossiping letter from this city might be acceptable; and, too, I wished to tell you how much gratified I have been with the old Magazine and its contributors of the present day.

'The other day, the President promised me a pardon for a poor German, a soldier in the war with Mexico, who became the dupe of a cunning fellow who himself escaped punishment by turning State's evidence. It was a hard case, and the President was pleased to say, if I would come up to the White-House the next day, the pardon, which had been a matter of his careful examination, should be made out. Agreeably to this invitation, I went up to the President's house, and, while waiting for his coming up from his breakfast, I went into the room opposite the President's office-room, which was the studio of FRANK B. CARPENTER, of your city. This gentleman has been styled here, '*The Painter of Presidents*,' and he may be hereafter known as *The Painter of Presidential Aspirants*. During the last two months, he has painted in this city the portraits of Gen. HOUSTON, Gen. CASS, Gov. SEWARD, Senator CHASE, beside portraits of private persons.

'Mr. CARPENTER, having painted these portraits, was invited to the President's, and supplied with the spacious *studio* we have spoken of, in order to facilitate the painting of his own picture and portraits of the gentlemen of his Cabinet.

'Upon my entrance, with much surprise I saw these aspirants for the White-House all in a row, looking out from the canvas, life-like, as if asking the question of their Lords, '*Is it I?*' We hope none of them will prove themselves JSCARIOTS, should they reach the height of their ambition. Beside these portraits, Mr. CARPENTER has with him here, the portraits of the late Presidents, TYLER and FILLMORE. To all these he has recently added a most marvellous picture of Governor MARCY, and one singularly felicitous of Gen. CUSHING.

'Our friend, Col. SEATON, on seeing these portraits, after having spoken of their eminent fidelity, said, 'There,' pointing to ex-President TYLER's picture, '*I can almost hear him saying, 'Come, Seaton, let's take a drink!'*'

'Mr. CARPENTER has risen to the highest line of his profession almost at a bound. He has painted a full-length portrait of President FILLMORE, for his friends, and is now engaged on one of President PIERCE, who sits, at the request of his friends in New-Hampshire, for a full-length picture.

'I had the pleasure of an interview with General CUSHING, during his first sitting. He is certainly one of the best-read men of the day, as well as one of the best talkers. His learning is encyclopædical. Col. BARNES, the Marshal of the United States for the District of Massachusetts, was asked by a gentleman in earnest pursuit of Mr. CUSHING, he at that time being the Supreme Judge of Massachusetts:

'Can you tell me, BARNES, where I can find Judge CUSHING? I have been everywhere in search of him.'

'Yes, yes,' replied BARNES, in his squeaking tone; 'I know where he is. You will find him up in the Athanæum Library. He thinks there's a book up there which has got something in it he does n't know; but I guess he'll find himself mistaken.'

'The President very kindly brought the pardon into the studio-room and presented it to me, saying, as he did so:

'You must now get Governor MARCY to sign it,' this being according to the forms of office.

'Finding that the Governor was not at his office, I ventured on my long acquaintance to go to his house and send up my card. He sent for me at once, and received me in his private office.

'What has brought you here so early?' asked the Governor.

'I told him 'the President had determined to have pity on a poor prisoner, and could not consent to do this act of clemency without giving him the opportunity of sharing it with him.'

'That's like him,' replied the Governor, taking up his pen to write his name; 'he knows I'm always ready to do acts of *marcy*.'

'With my best wishes for the long life and prosperity of 'Old KNICK,' I remain,
'AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.'

They say a very bad pun is the best! - - - It was no argument in favor of slavery, *per se*, but it was very funny, notwithstanding. It occurred in this wise: As you come down the Ohio, (it is the same in going up, of course,) your boat stops for any passenger or passengers who may shake a handker-

chief or wave a green branch from the shore: hence, one is often 'turned round,' as it is called, with the boat, and loses the 'p'int's o' compass.' When we were gliding along past 'HUNTER'S Bottom,' on the Kentucky side, we were 'signalized' back, and turned round. A conspicuous friend of our 'colored brethren' was expressing the opinion that the bond which held them affected the very soil on which they existed, and pointed with exultation to the beautiful line of fertility and comfort along the 'Bottom,' on the Kentucky shore, and said: '*There* you see it! — look at *that*, and then cast your eye on the opposite shore, and you can *see*, at this moment, the truth of what I have been saying to you.' 'But, my dear Sir,' said his interlocutor, 'that is in Kentucky — the other is Indiana!' 'Ha! ha! ha!' guffawed a few listeners; and it is but justice to say, that our 'dissentant' joined in the laugh as loud and heartily as the rest. He was fairly caught, and did n't *try* to 'die game,' although they 'made game' of his argument. - - - It gives us a thrill of pleasure to think what we have in store for the 'Original Papers' of our next number. Articles, both of prose and poetry, which had been prepared and numbered for the present issue, await publication in the October issue: among the former of which is another letter to '*Ella Ellasland*,' and a most delightful paper from 'HARFANG,' upon '*Birds*' — one worthy of our 'Up-River' correspondent, in his best vein — we had almost said, of even IRVING himself. We trust that the October KNICKERBOCKER may be found to justify this premonitory 'gloating.' - - - LOUISVILLE is an imposing, wealthy city. Main-street, in its entire extent, would do honor to any metropolis in America. Costly stone structures arise on every hand; and at certain periods of the day it is well-nigh as crowded as our own Broadway. The churches, public buildings, etc., are in good taste. One pre-eminent exception, however, must be made. The largest edifice in the city, admirably situated in an open green, would be a disgrace to any town in Christendom. As a stranger, most hospitably entertained within its gates, it may ill become us to 'break out' upon Louisville in this way; but 'wo is unto us' if we speak not the truth in this matter! That immense unfinished structure, '*The Court-House*,' commenced some fifteen or twenty years ago, for the *State Capitol*, which was afterward 'located' at Frankfort, with all its cream-colored hewn-stone, its dignified solidity, its vast boarded-up entrances, its odors of mingled myrrh and frankincense, its spacious 'conveniences,' with all these, '*The Court-House*' is an eye-sore, a nuisance, which ought to be either built up or torn down. However, it was 'presented' by a Grand Jury of Kentuckymen, of which an esteemed friend of ours was a member, the very night we arrived; so let us hope that the great offence may ultimately be abated. We've a great deal more to say about Louisville City proper, but not now. - - - A GERMAN astronomer says, that in *twenty millions of years* the earth will be destroyed by a comet! People may doubt and jeer at the idea: but wait till the time comes, and you'll see that prophet, as the comet whisks along, knocking the earth into a 'cocked hat,' hanging by its tail, exclaiming, '*I told you so* — I TOLD you so!' But who will *hear* him? - - - THE *Hotels of Louisville* have won

a good report from all travellers. '*The Louisville*,' at which we stopped, is a stately stone edifice, and to judge from a brief experience, well-conducted. Its table is well supplied, its parlors unexceptionable, and its sleeping-rooms airy and comfortable. The '*Galt House*,' with a less imposing exterior, is a superb and admirably-kept hotel within. Its dining-rooms, halls, suites of rooms, private rooms, spacious piazzas, etc., are all that could be desired; while the table, as Mrs. PARTINGTON might express it, would rejoice the 'most fastiduous ippecac.' The proprietor, Mr. JOHN RAINE, is held in the highest favor, alike by citizens and strangers; a popularity honorably earned and most modestly borne. There is also a '*DELMONICO*'s in Louisville, in the excellent *restaurant* establishment of Mr. WALKER, which we visited with a friend, and which, we hesitate not to say, would reflect credit upon any *locale* in our city, or in any other city. - - - Don't believe the rascally speculators in the 'staff of life!' They all 'lie like a tomb-stone.' Never were such crops seen in all the West as have been harvested, in good condition, this year. We know this, because we have seen it: field after field of wheat, of six hundred and a thousand acres, and six thousand acres of corn in one single field on the banks of the Ohio! Talk of 'short crops'! Fudge! Look at '*The Expressmen's Price-Current*' in the '*Express Messenger*,' and whistle flour and grain speculators down the wind. All *kinds* of crops this year, thanks to a beneficent PROVIDENCE, are preëminently abundant; and it will 'go nigh to be *thought* so, shortly.' - - - THERE will soon be published, under the capable supervision of his son, JOHN C. HAMILTON, Esq., the well-known numbers of '*The Federalist*,' by ALEXANDER HAMILTON, with the added authentic papers, the authorship of which has sometimes been disputed. The work will secure, at this time, a wide circulation. Its wise teachings were never more needed. - - - WHILE in Louisville, we went one evening, with a northern friend, as late as eleven o'clock at night, to *A Negro Fair*, for the improvement of the finances of '*The Church of the Colored Messiah*' of that city. The hall where it was held was large and well filled. The 'fair' had been kept up for two weeks, and was to last one week longer. The articles, many of them tastefully made, were all admirably arranged. The 'tables' were presided over by the sable attendants with perfect propriety, not to say grace: and no hundred and fifty persons, of both sexes, we ever saw gathered together, behaved with more courteous politeness, or were more apparently happy. For the black doll and ice-cream which we bought, *all* the change was brought back, and 'Massa might hand back the price.' We remarked a colored BEAU BRUMMELL among the audience, whose organ of 'language' must have been large. In reply to a specified charge for an article of trifling value, he said to the shiny-faced tradeswoman: 'Do you assume to tell me, Madam, da-da-dat *dat* article extensifies to dat extreme waluation in dis market?' But all this is as nothing compared with a brief 'colored' oration that was made to us in the vestibule of the Louisville Hotel by an umquible sable correspondent of ours, of which we may say something hereafter. - - - BECAUSE Mr. BARNUM has 'owned up' to humbugousness in certain things, heretofore, it seems to

be thought by some people that he can propose nothing that is *not* humbugous. Now this is a great mistake. We consider his contemplated '*Gallery of Beauty*,' and the splendid volume which is to be founded upon it, as not only in all respects unexceptionable, but as an admirable idea, which, if properly carried out, will prove a deservedly popular attraction. That it *will* so prove, we have no doubt. - - - WELL, here we are at home! After all, there *is* no place like our good old Gotham! There is but one Hudson River: with no 'deceitful sand-bars, nor treacherous currents, nor insidious rocks: but a stream deep as it is broad, that bears with honorable faith the bark that trusts itself to its waves.' No muddy banks; no floating flood-wood; no sticking down spars to pry vessels over shallows. Look with us from the sanctum at the clean and beautiful shores of the Tappaän-Zee. How things have *grown*, too, since we left! Our eight peach-trees are groaning under their burthen: 'water, mush, and other millions' have over-run all the ground allotted to them: crisp cucumbers are too plentiful to be esteemed: Lima-beans flaunt their green banners from two-score standards: very succulent and sweet is the 'green-corn in the ear:' and the tomatoes, red and yellow, blush and gleam upon a thousand gold-dusted stems. '*Fäder, where is you?*' That is our little hopeful four-year old, Master ELLIOTT-BURNET, out on the lawn. He wants us to come and 'play horsey' with him and the clothes-line, and we are going. - - - MR. JOHN WEIK, of Philadelphia, has issued the first number of '*Pictures of Travel*,' translated from the German of H. HEINE by CHARLES G. LELAND, and heretofore announced in these pages. We have the best authority in this metropolis for saying that the work is most faithfully and admirably translated from the original. As no living German writer has exerted an influence comparable to HEINE, and as no author has penetrated so generally through every class of society in Germany, we shall lose no time in entering upon a consideration of the merits of the much-desiderated volume under notice. It is in a convenient form, and neatly executed. - - - If ever man returned to a resumption of his avocations with renewed delight, we are that 'party.' The consciousness of an *affection* in the public mind toward the 'Old KNICK.,' of which we have had so many gratifying proofs in our late tour, not only repays the toil of twenty-three years in its service, but makes us more solicitous to retain for the future the 'good will' and almost personal friendship of our readers. Welcomed everywhere by our brothers of the press—the most genial fellows in the world, as a general thing—cordially received and most hospitably entertained, where we could only have expected a 'stranger's welcome,' we desire thus briefly to express our appreciation of kindnesses as grateful as they were undeserved and unanticipated. - - - GENIN'S 'publishing day' is the first of September. On that day will be issued '*The Fall Hat*' of the season. Report says—for rumors of such events will leak out—that it will be the most elegant and *recherché* affair of its kind in the 'known world.' 'We shall see anon.' - - - THERE 'lie over' until our next several pages of 'Gossipry,' including many things intended for the present number: among them, more travel-gossip; 'rail-road smoking-cars;' an obituary of the late ISAAC A. COLES; Amateur Dramatic Festivals in England and America, together with notices of several new publications, etc., etc.